

STORY OF  
*METALLAK*

LAST OF  
THE CODASHAUKEES.



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by ARTHUR D. WOODROW

2016.FIC.0048

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**Bethel Historical Society**  
BETHEL, MAINE 04217

# METALLAK

THE LAST OF  
THE COOASHAUKES

WITH

THE LIFE OF  
DAVID ROBBINS

THE STORY OF  
MOLLY OCKETT

THE ADVENTURES OF  
LIEUT. SEGAR

AND

THE KILLING OF  
THE LAST MOOSE

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*Edited and compiled by*  
ARTHUR D. WOODROW

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1928

## PREFACE

*The name Metallak for Rumford K. of P. Lodge was suggested by John E. Stephens.*

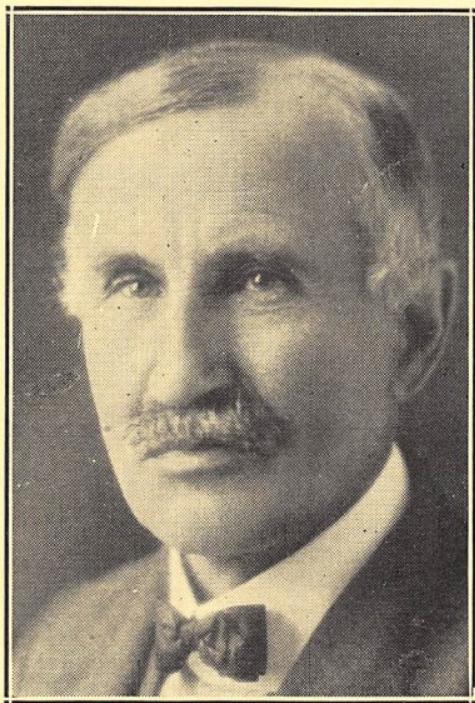
*When I joined this Lodge, I was astounded by the lack of knowledge the average Pythian had regarding this Indian, who traversed these grounds more than a hundred years ago. It was this fact that prompted me to gather all the facts concerning him that I could find.*

*Had this work been undertaken when the Lodge was organized, it would have been an easy matter to have found plenty of people, who remembered Metallak. At this late day, they have all gone to that sleep which knoweth no waking..*

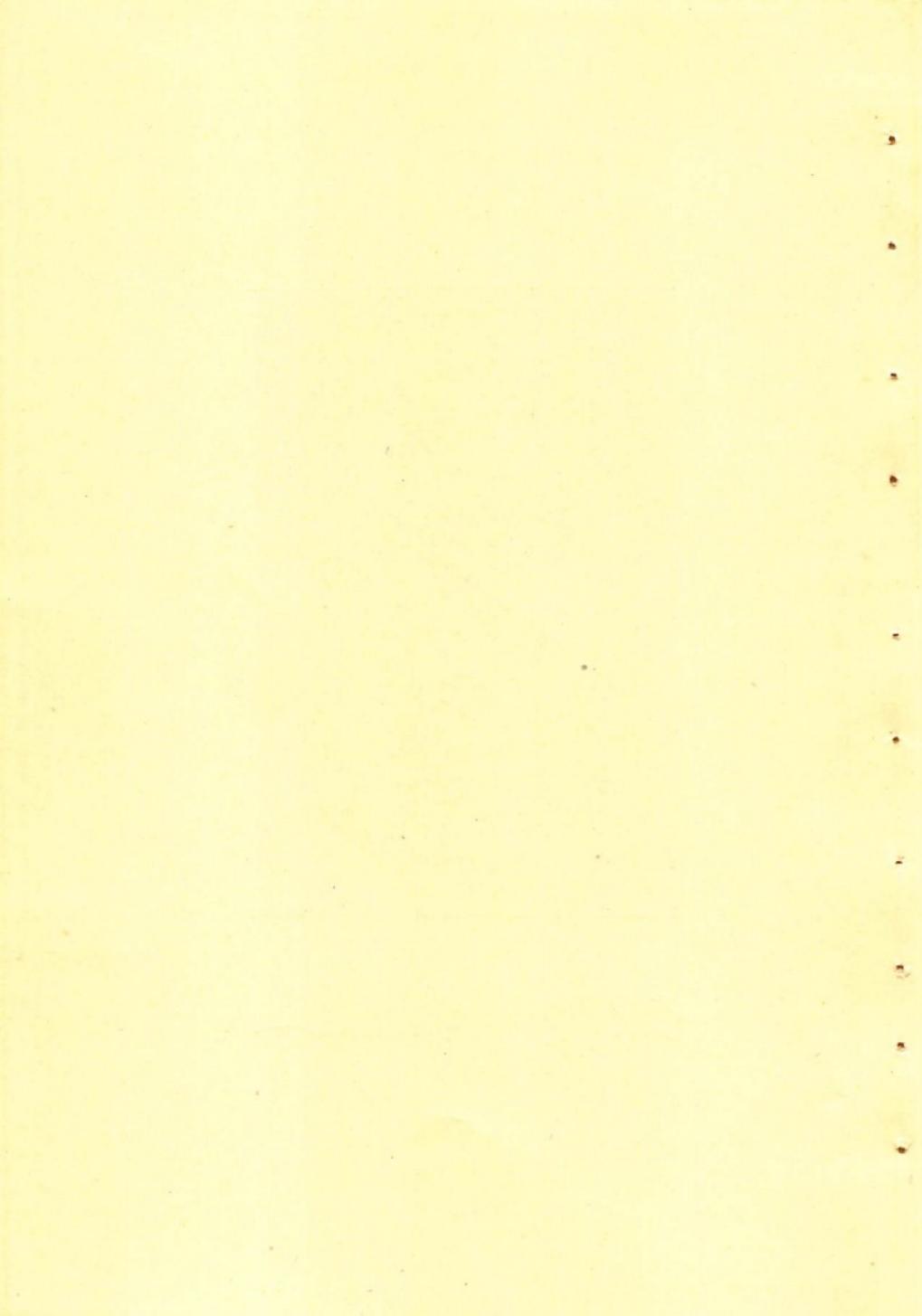
*Another incentive was that from early childhood, I had heard much concerning Metallak, was well acquainted with the people where he died and thus his name was engraved upon my childish memories. Thus I was induced to write this little book about the lone Indian of the Magalloway, the last of the Cooashaukes.*

*At this time, I want to express my gratitude to Metallak Lodge, Knights of Pythias, John E. Stephens for the help and encouragement he has given to my daughter for copying and timely suggestions and to everyone who has aided in any way in writing "The Story of Metallak."*

DEDICATED TO  
*Metalluc Lodge*  
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS  
No. 99  
RUMFORD, MAINE.



A. D. Woodrow



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AUGUSTA, MAINE

January 6, 1928.

A. D. Woodrow,  
Rumford, Maine.

My dear Mr. Woodrow:

We regret that we are unable to assist you in your search for information in regard to the Indian chief Metallak. Williamson's Bibliography of Maine lists the following items:

Metallak; the lone Indian of the Maggalloway by Bradbury Osgood. Published by F. Gleason; C. W. Child, Portland; David Bugbee, Bangor. Small quarto; thirty-two pages.

For some time we have been trying to obtain a copy of this publication but so far have been unsuccessful.

The only reference to Metallak which we find is in the History of Rumford, which you have doubtless consulted at your local library.

Such of Governor Lincoln's writings as are available here do not deal with Metallak. We have his poem "The Village" and two papers, "Remarks on the Indian Language," and "Some Account of the Catholic Missions in Maine," published in the Maine Historical Society Collections, Volume I, Series I. Williamson's Bibliography of Maine does not give any other references to writings by Lincoln except one, a Fourth of July oration, which we do not have.

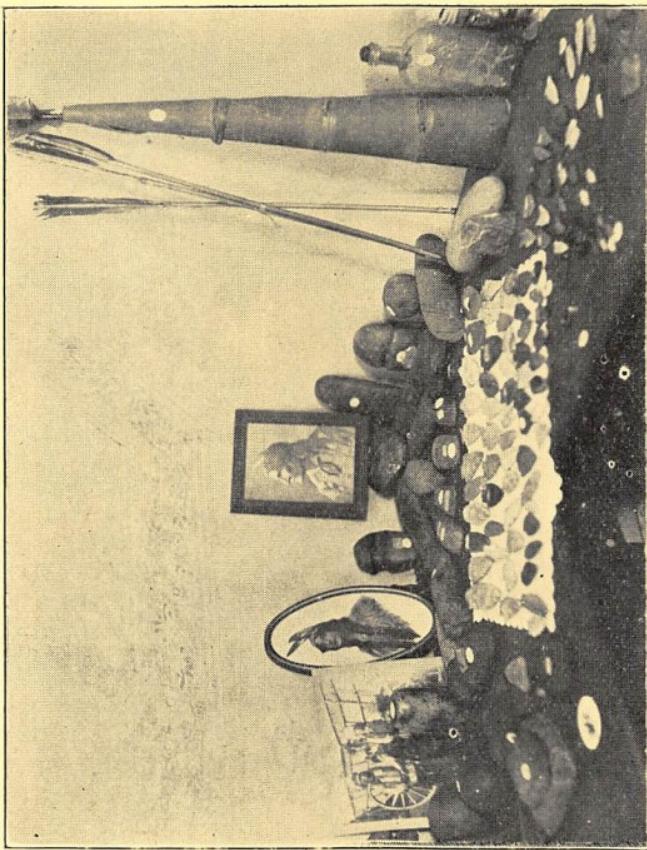
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INDIAN RELICS OWNED BY T. H. BURGESS



# *METALLAK*

## CHAPTER I.

### CHARACTER

So far as I can learn, there is no definite way to spell this Indian's name. It is spelled in a variety of ways,—Mettallak, Metalluc, Metalluk and Natalluc.

Of his early life, nothing is known. We can only imagine.

"His favorite sport when he was nine,  
Was climbing up a woody hill,  
Where, bow in hand, he would recline,  
And birds and beasts, he'd shoot with skill."

Of his parentage, we know absolutely nothing. The first record we have of Metallak comes from Lieut. Segar, who was captured by the Indians in the raid on Bethel in August 1781. He says, "When I got to Canada, I saw Metallak with the St. Francis Indians."

It is thought by many that he was born in the Androscoggin valley. History claims that in 1755 there were several hundred Indians living between Canton and Bethel. In that year they were visited by an epidemic of Small Pox, communicated by the French. Their numbers were greatly decimated. The remaining ones became frightened, put out their council fires never again to be re-lighted on the Upper Androscoggin, and joined their brethren in Canada. Molly-Ockett, Metallak and Oozalluc were the only ones to ever return.

In regard to Metallak's conduct towards the whites, I cannot find one scintilla of evidence to show but what he was always kindly disposed. There is not one black deed recorded against him. Quite a contrast compared with (Tumtumphegan) Tom Hegan, the Indian in charge of the Bethel raid, August 3, 1781. Hegan was well known to every settler in Bethel. He had been in their homes. They had fed him and he had slept at their firesides many times.

For that raid, the Indians give the excuse that the whites had no business above Rumford Falls as they had never deeded the land above the falls. To substantiate their claim, I quote from the deed from Worombo to Richard Wharton in 1684 as follows:

"All the land from the falls to Pejepscot and Merrymeeting Bay to Kennebec, and toward the wilderness, to be bounded by a south-west and a north-westerly line to extend from the Upper part of the said Androscoggin upper-most falls." (Rumford Falls are meant here), the position of the Indians was entirely correct.

It is no easy task to judge a man like Metallak. We have no standard by which to measure him. We are acquainted with none like him. He belongs to none of the professions of civilized life. He is neither a merchant, agriculturist, or mechanic. He knows no art except the art of building a birch bark canoe or making a moccasin. He is not a member of any party or sect—neither Whig, Democrat, Taylorman or Abolitionist—belongs to no church, a member of no human association. He is subject to none of the prejudices, prepossessions, false tastes, or fashions which control men in the polished walks of life. He stands erect and alone before his God, poised upon his own individuality.

Such was the character of Metallak, rude and untaught. His religion, if religion it may be

called, consisted of a simple belief that a Great Spirit existed, and that Spirit would permit him to live with his loved ones again and go to Happy Hunting Grounds when he died. He neither added to nor took away from this belief during the more than hundred years he traveled this earth. He was no Atheist. His wisdom, unlike the wisdom of some of the learned in civilized life, never taught him there was no God. He never reasoned himself into such a belief, although he had no knowledge of that Law which was given to man amidst the thunders of Sinai, or of that gospel which was proclaimed to the world nineteen centuries ago. Yet he looked forward to a future existence with bright hopes and happy anticipations.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LAST OF HIS RACE

"Metallak was the son of a chief, and from his earliest days was taught the use of weapons and the craft of the woods. He grew up tall, lithe and active, the pride of his tribe, and after its custom took to his wigwam the fairest from among its maidens. He built his lodge in the old home of his tribe, Cooashaukes, on the waters of the Amariscoggin; and for her ransacked the woods for the softest furs and the choicest game. Two children, a son and daughter, came to them and gave to the parents' hearts the joy that is born of offspring. Years sped: the old chief of the St. Lawrence died, and Metallak was the head of his tribe. The frown of the Great Spirit was dark upon his people. One by one its warriors in the woods sickened and passed away. Metallak, in his lodge on a point in the lake, watched and mourned the downfall of his race; and swift runners told him how the stately tree

of his tribe was stripped of its branches; but his mate and his children were left to him, and he vowed to the Great Spirit to remain on the hunting grounds of his fathers. Gradually, as fall the leaves of the forest when the winds of autumn are abroad, fell the once mighty Abenakis, until Metallak and his family were alone."

"The son, not sharing the stern feelings of the sire, as he grew older sighed for the society of the pale faces, and left the lodge of the forest to find a home with the new companions of his choice. The daughter had visited at St. Francis and had joined her fate with a young warrior of the tribe, before the great sickness that decimated them; and he, with the English goods, easy of attainment, had robed his dusky bride in garments that a white woman might envy.

"She is represented as strikingly beautiful, and when she visited her father in the wilderness he was almost awed by her charm and her queenly attire.

"About this time, while closing a moccasin, Metallak had the misfortune to lose an eye. Time sped. The bride of his youth sickened and died, a sad blow for the desolate chief. She who entered his lodge when youth was high and his tribe had a place in the land, who had, with him, endured long years of adversity, was called, and he was alone.

"Mournfully he laid the body in his canoe, together with the trinkets which in life had been dear to her and gliding out from the sheltered shore took his way across the narrow strait and down its course to the broad reach of the Molech-unchamonk, past the whispering pines and sunny beaches, guided by the roar of Amariscoggin, where he shoots his crested waters toward the more quiet expanse of the Umbagog. Entering the rapids he sat erect in the stern of his canoe,

his beloved and lost companion in repose before him, and with skillful hands guided the frail bark with its precious burden through the seething waters, past dangerous rock and whirling eddy, until it shot out upon the sunlit expanse of the lower lake; still down, past where the river debouches on its way to the sea, to where in the broad expanse, rises the green island that now bears his name. Here he dug her grave and buried her, after the fashion of his people, and without a tear seated himself upon the mound.

"Night came but he moved not; the wolf howled from the mainland, the song of the night wind was on the air, but he heeded not; morning came and passed; night again and morning; and still he sat upon the grave. It was not until the morning of the third day that he left the sacred spot. He built him a hut near it leaving it only to procure necessary sustenance.

"Years went by, during which he was occasionally seen by the hunters and trappers who visited the region but his eye had lost its fire, and his step was less firm than of old. In the year 1846 two hunters came across him in the woods. It was in November, and a very rainy time. He had fallen down, upon a stub, thus extinguishing the remaining eye. He was without fire or food, and upon the point of starvation. They built a fire, collected wood, gave him provisions and left him for assistance. With this they returned and carried him to Stewartstown, on the Connecticut, where he lingered a few years, a public charge on the County of Coos.

"He now rests apart from the wife he loved so well; but his name and memory linger in the haunts of his manhood; and reference to the modern hunting grounds of Coos would be incomplete without the story of Metallak, the last of his race within our present boundaries, the last hunter of the ancient Coo-ash aukes.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HISTORICAL NOTES

"The name Coos is derived from the Indian word Co-hos, of the dialect of the Abernaquis, a confederacy of tribes once inhabiting New Hampshire, Western Maine, and northerly to the St. Lawrence River. The word is further derived from the word Coo-ash, signifying pines. It is known that the inhabitants of a section were generally entitled by some name descriptive thereof, and the tribe occupying this region was known as the Coo-ash-aukes or Dwellers in the Pine Tree Country, from Coo-ash, pines, and auke, place. This title applied especially to the locality and inhabitants north of the mountains and along the Connecticut Valley above Moosilauke.

"The Canadian home or head village of Coo-ash-auke was at Abernaquis, or St. Francis, as their settlement is still called, on the St. Lawrence. After the defeat of the Pequaukets by Lovewell, in 1725, the broken remnant of that tribe retired to St. Francis, and the bands invading or occupying our present territory were more frequently known as the St. Francis Indians, than by their original designations as Abernaquis or Coo-ash-aukes.

"Descendants of these broken tribes still live in the village of St. Francis. Among those who returned to their old hunting grounds in New Hampshire were two families of distinction, of which the chiefs were known as Capt. Joe, and Capt. John. They were very active and noted in pre-Revolutionary days, and both took part with the Colonists in that struggle. Old Joe died at Newberry, in the lower Cohos, in 1819, and is buried in the original cemetery of the town at the Ox-Bow. Capt. John led a small party of Indians, enlisted from Cohos and vicinity, and

received a Captain's commission. He died a violent death after peace had been restored, and was also buried at Lower Cohos. He was known among the Indians as Soosup, and left one son Pial Soosup, Pial being Indian for Phillip.

"There is some reason for the belief that the Pial, son and heir of Capt. John and original Coo-ash-aukes chief, who went from upper Cohos to St. Francis or Abernaquis, and who returned to aid the patriots, with a small band of Cohos Indians, was the Phillip, Indian chief, resident in upper Cohos and chief thereof, who gave to Thomas Eames of Northumberland the now famous deed of June 8, 1796, conveying to him and his associates the present County of Coos, together with a portion of the County of Oxford, Maine, then a part of Massachusetts, being the instrument known as the King Phillip deed."

Coos County is the largest in New Hampshire, and contains about 1600 square miles.

In regard to the high position which it is claimed Metallak once occupied, he was very reticent. Some of the older residents of Magalloway say that he told "Grandmum" Fickett, that he was disqualified as chief because he rescued a white girl from torture. This is the only instance that I can find in which he ever alluded to the matter.

## CHAPTER IV.

### INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS

For us to understand Metallak, it is necessary for us first to understand some of the characteristics of the Redman. It is claimed by everyone who ever met him, that he was very civil and hospitable to strangers but not very communicative. Those are truly Indian characteristics. The un-written law of the Indian Lodge is "Be Hospitable. Always give the guest the place of honor.

Always assume that your guest is tired, cold and hungry. Do not trouble your guest with any questions about himself."

The Indian has merited the title "The Silent Man." His reticence is very irritating, unless you understand him. He will absorb information that interests him, but will never venture to give any. He believes profoundly in silence. Silence, to him, is the absolute poise or balance of body, mind and spirit. It is a great mystery. Silence, he will tell you, is self control, courage or endurance, patience, dignity; and reverence is the cornerstone of character.

A chief has to be brave in war, generous in disposition, liberal in temper, and of good judgment. No doubt but what Metallak possessed these qualifications. The raising of a chief is a very important procedure. There are two ways of arriving at that high station, by birth and by election.

When the father dies, if he has a son who has arrived at the age of manhood, and who bids fair to make a good chief, that is, if he possesses a good form, has good bodily powers and mental faculties, is brave, sedate, wise, and prudent—he generally succeeds his father in government, on his father's death.

If the chief at his death, leaves no son who is qualified for the high office of chief, but will sit to some other person, that person succeeds to government. If the chief has no son at his death, it is commonly the case that his brother's son succeeds him. The line of succession may run out for want of a lawful heir, which is always supplied by an election.

It may be changed, too, when the heir is unqualified for leadership. Great deference is always paid to the will of the dying chief; but every such case is always laid before a full tribal council, and the council's decision is always final.

Metallak in his reticence was no different from all Indians. To further illustrate that all Indians think silence is golden, I quote from J. H. Cook's book "Fifty Years on the Frontier." He says, "Redcloud, the last of the great Sioux Chiefs, was my friend for about 35 years. And I think I knew him as well, in many ways, as any white man ever did—perhaps better. His friendship for me was, I believe, as genuine as any Indian's ever was for a white man. The fact that I met him on the common ground of a hunter and dweller in the Plains Country and in a different manner from most white men, had much to do, I think, with the establishment of a friendship that grew with the passing years."

During all these many years of friendship, Cook told Redcloud repeatedly that it would give him great pleasure if he would tell him the true story of his life, but after Redcloud's death, all Cook had to put in his book was "A Great Chief's Untold Story."

## CHAPTER V.

### METALLAK'S FAMILY

It is conceded by everyone who pretends to know anything about it, that Metallak had three children, two boys and one girl, by his first wife. What eventually became of them is unknown. The girl married a Canadian by the name of Moulton. They went to Canada to live. She was represented as strikingly beautiful. When she visited her father at Metallak Point, Richardson Lake, he was almost awed by her charm and queenly attire. After Metallak lost his sight, she came and took her father to her home in Canada. Whatever the reason that caused Metallak to return to Stewartstown, N. H., he never told. Alice Hawes of Pittsburg, N. H., in a letter to the writer December, 1927, said:

"The daughter never visited Metallak during the four years he was at her father's home." She said, "One of the sons did visit his father." What became of them is a closed book.

Lewis Leavitt of Magalloway says "That when a boy in 1872 there came to Magalloway from Canada, via Parmachenee, a very likely Indian of about forty years of age. He was good appearing, used good English, and said his name was Metallak. He must have been a grandson of the old Indian Chief Metallak. He stayed in the settlement a week or so. While there he made a birch bark canoe for one Lincoln Spencer. He was paid seven dollars for the job. Such a boat would now be worth forty dollars. The Indian invested this seven dollars in provisions and returned to Canada by the same route. So far as is known no other descendant has been heard from since that time."

John M. Wilson, who long resided on the Magalloway River, and knew Metallak well, wrote as follows concerning him:

"All that I knew of him prior to 1832, was obtained from common reports. It was said that he was a St. Francis Indian, and was banished from the tribe for some misdemeanor. He had three children at least, probably by his first wife. His sons' names were Parmagummet and Andwilumpi. His daughter married a man in Canada by the name of Moulton. Metallak lived several years on the shores of Richardson Lake with his second wife, who died there and was buried on a point of land since cleared and is a part of the Lake Farm. He then built his wigwam and lived alone some years at the Narrows of Umbagog Lake, on or near what is known as the Stone Farm. Leaving this, he next took up his residence in township No. 5, Range 2, where I found him in 1832. Here he subsisted chiefly by hunting, and lived in a camp about 10 feet square

made of spruce bark. He was here some ten or twelve years without making any clearing about his camp and would draw potatoes from the settlement in winter twelve miles on a handsled, rather than raise them. At this camp he was several times visited by Gov. Enoch Lincoln, who would stay several days at a time. He was very civil and hospitable to strangers, but not very communicative and the only bad habit he had was that of taking too much fire water when he could get it. In the winter of 1836, in getting wood a considerable distance from the camp, he thrust a splinter into his eye, and was found in that condition by two men who happened that way, in a very cold day, perfectly blind, having lost one eye several years before. He was unable to reach his camp and would have soon perished without assistance.

"Without being aware of his condition, his daughter and her son arrived here for the purpose of looking after him about the time he was brought to his camp, and took him with them to Canada.

"He was entirely blind and helpless the remainder of his days, and died in Stewartstown, N. H., some six or seven years after he left this place, having been supported some time as a county charge. It is supposed that Metallak at the time of death, was more than 100 years old. He was a close built man, of about middling stature, very athletic and possessed great powers of endurance. He came to my house one morning in the winter of 1835, about sunrise, having laid out about two miles in the woods the night before, without fire. A damp snow had fallen the day before and the weather had become very cold during the night. He had been on the track of a moose all day, until dark, 'Almost see um,' he said, and when darkness obliged him to give up the chase, 'All wet, no strike um.' "

## CHAPTER VI.

## FRIENDSHIP WITH GOV. LINCOLN

Governor Lincoln was in the habit of visiting Metallak and camping with him, and left some account of him in his writings.

One anecdote I believe Lincoln never published. He carried with him on his visits to Metallak, a large pen knife fitted up with different blades, awls, saw and the like. Metallak had his eye on the knife and wished to buy it. Governor Lincoln told him he could not sell it to him. Metallak's covetousness was only the more strongly excited, and he at last contrived a plan to secure the knife. He had a little island in the lake of about an acre, on which is a sort of a cave in which he kept his furs, where they would not be plundered. He invited the Governor to go and see his furs, and made him a most liberal offer of them for the knife.

"Well," said Metallak, "Me no carry you off this island if you no sell me that knife."

"But," said the Governor, "I told you I would not sell it to you and I shall keep my word, but I will give it to you as a present."

Metallak was overjoyed in the possession of his knife and of course reckoned Governor Lincoln as one of his real friends.

He was visited by Hon. Moses Mason several times while he lived on the Magalloway River. He made a map of that river on birch bark, which appears to have been executed with fidelity. He had, on one occasion, shot an immense moose as he was in the water and dragged him to the shore, and cut off the best parts of meat and dried them. Doctor Mason bought the horns, which afterwards adorned his hall as a hat rack. Mason was the only Congressman except the Hon. John P. Swasey to come from Oxford County.

Congressman Mason served during the turbulent times of Andrew Jackson.

Lincoln was Governor of Maine during 1826-27. Of the 53 votes Rumford cast, Lincoln received all but one.

Near Metallak's old home on the Magalloway, there is a large pond named in Lincoln's honor.

Governor Lincoln lived in Paris, Maine. He was Assistant U. S. Attorney in 1815. At 38 years of age Enoch Lincoln was elected Governor of his State, was re-elected in 1827, and again in 1828. He was so popular that his election was carried by a big majority. The most important matter to come up during his term of office, was the Northeastern boundary question. In his administration, Augusta was selected as the seat of government, and the present site of the Capitol decided by the Governor and Council at Augusta, June, 1827. His Fast Day Proclamation was highly praised. It became so popular it was printed on satin for preservation.

If Governor Lincoln had a hobby, it was the study of the Indian customs and language. In a paper he pointed out the beauties of the Indian language spoken in Maine, no words being adopted from the English or French. It was his intention at some time to publish a history of the Indians of Maine, but his untimely death at the age of 40 years prevented.

He was the poet at the Centennial Celebration which took place at the scene of Lovewell's Fight, 1824.

## CHAPTER VII.

### METALLAK THE GUIDE

Metallak was much in demand as a guide for all professional and business men. He acted as guide for a party of engineers of the Atlantic

and St. Lawrence R. R., which later became the Grand Trunk R. R., in an attempt to find the route to Montreal. Probably they went over the road now taken by the Portland and Rumford Falls R. R. Metallak is quoted as saying, "If they could get up over the Summit, there would be no trouble going right through to Canada."

Massachusetts put up a big opposition to this route, as they wanted the road to come to Boston, and have that city for a seaboard terminal. Had it not been for the efforts of John Alfred Poor, an Andover boy, Portland would never have secured the road. Another contributing factor in the choice of Portland for the seaboard terminal of the proposed new road was the race run from Portland to Montreal, and from Boston to Montreal. Arranged by Mr. Poor and the Boston agents, on the arrival of a certain steamer from Liverpool the Express Team was to start from Portland at the time the steamer touched at the port. One from Boston was to start when the steamer arrived here. Teams were stationed along the Portland route at distances from 5 to 15 miles apart and the right road was marked in different places by sticking up evergreen branches on either side of the road, that there should be no delay from taking the wrong turn at night. The steamer arrived at Portland April 10, 1845. The team that went over the Portland route to Montreal won by more than 12 hours.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TRAGEDY

Among the Indians of North America, the beaver held a prominent place. The Indians believed that all animals once had the gift of speech, and that their talk would sometimes enrage the Great Spirit so that in his wrath he

would slay them, and then man would come forth out of them as the spirit of the departed animal and henceforth bear a likeness in character to the animal from which he sprang.

According to their mythology there were once, giant or mammoth beavers and the Great Beaver who was the Father of all beavers was an important personage in their traditions.

How much of this belief Metallak shared is unknown. The beaver skin in all the vast Hudson Bay Country has ever been the standard of trade and barter, the same as is gold practically the world's standard to-day. For instance, in 1733, one brass kettle was worth one good beaver skin, one skin would purchase one and one-half pounds of gun powder, five pounds of shot, one pound of Brazil tobacco, one gallon of brandy, etc.

The beaver may be tamed and when a kitten beaver is reared in a household it becomes a bright and affectionate pet, but all attempts at his domestication have failed.

The story of the beaver is not unlike that of the innumerable herds of buffalo, which once roamed in the freedom of nature the broad plains and boundless ranges of the far west; of the salmon and shad, once so abundant in the rivers of Maine, and it may not be unlike the story which may only too soon be told of the decadence of the moose and deer in the great Maine woods and other parts of our country where they yet remain.

On Arnold's march to Quebec, some of Arnold's men swapped some of their salt pork with some Indians for some beaver tails. John Joseph Henry, one of the survivors of that march calls it "an agreeable barter" for the tails were boiled and made a most appetizing meal.

Venison was preserved by smoking it. Woods-men call it "Jerking it." So it seems that Metallak was not so far behind the times in the method

he took to embalm his wife.

Henry thus describes the process of jerking meat:

"This operation is done by slicing the meat into thin strips, then driving four forks into the earth, in a square position, at the required position perpendicularly, and laying poles from fork to fork, and poles athwart from pole to pole. A rack is thus made about four feet high, on which the sliced meat is laid, and smoke fires are made underneath."

Mr. James R. Hall, an old gentleman of 90 years from Andover, Maine, first told me Metallak had one child killed by the wolves. Since then I have found where Metallak alluded to it and told the facts. Keoka, his first wife with her little papoose, was out in the woods gathering berries and herbs, when they ran afoul of a wolf. It must be borne in mind that wolves at that time were very numerous. One characteristic of the wolf family is that they never travel singly, but run in packs. This lone wolf, startled by Keoka uttered an S. O. S. and immediately was joined by another, then another, until more than a half dozen were there. They always have one wolf who is their leader. He is the largest and most ferocious of all. Keoka at once sensed the danger and started for the lodge with the pack in close pursuit. Keoka couldn't make good progress because of the papoose on her back. For a time she was able to keep the pack at a distance by the aid of a stout stick, but the leader kept getting bolder and bolder, coming nearer and nearer. Keoka almost reached the camp with wolves nipping her heels, but when nearly safe, she tripped over a root and fell sprawling on the ground. The leader seized this chance and grabbed for the child's head which was sticking from its moss bag on Keoka's back. The teeth met in the baby's neck, severing the jugular vein,

and the child died immediately. Metallak in his lodge heard the commotion, rushed out gun in hand, and shot and killed the wolf which committed the outrage. It is said that Metallak in telling this tale many years after, would sit with tense, rigid body, eyes glistening and hands clenched. Ever after this tragedy in Metallak's life, he swore vengeance upon the whole wolf family, killing everyone he could. He would cut off the heads and carry each home as a trophy.

Since writing the above, I clipped the following from the Boston Sunday Post, Jan. 22, 1928, which may help the reader to understand something of the depredation of wolves nearly a hundred years after the above tragedy:

"The Government Biological Survey will, this year, spend a quarter of a million dollars in killing wolves and other predatory animals.

"About \$30,000,000 worth of live stock fall prey to these marauders every year. One old wolf alone, known to ranchmen as "Three Toes" has killed more than \$50,000 worth of sheep and cattle during his career of thirteen years."

For fear the reader may think the above is a trifle overdrawn, I quote from the writings of Col. Roosevelt in "The Wilderness Hunter":

"Of all animals the wolf is the shiest and hardest to slay. I have known one single handed to attack and kill a full grown steer or cow, disabling it by biting at its hams or flanks. Wolves like to act in concert, one springing at the animal's head, and attracting its attention while the other hamstring it. One wolf has been known to kill a large bull moose when the snow was deep. A wolf is a terrible fighter. I have known a pack of wolves to kill a year old grizzly bear."

The old residents of Swift River Valley hand on to us the following story about Metallak killing an "Injun Devil." It is the only time I can find that the quarry made Metallak the least bit

nervous. In this case, he did not deny but what he was frightened.

I think there was no animal on the American continent that the Indians feared as they did the "Injun Devil." In different places it is called differently; in the East as "Panther" or "Painter," in the west as "Mountain lion," in the southwest as "Mexican lion," and in the southern continent as "Lion" or "Puma."

Col. Roosevelt always speaks of them as "Cougars." The cry of this great cat was sufficient to send the cold blood through the veins of every Indian within sound of it.

It seems that Metallak and his two dogs were out hunting and ran afoul of this beast. The cat wasn't long in killing the first dog. Metallak did not dare shoot as he had only one shot and well realized that if he missed, the cat would take him next. When the cougar finished the last dog, Metallak let him have it, and as fortune would have it, the bullet did its deadly work, laid the marauder low and Metallak was safe.

Colonel Roosevelt says, "I would be no more afraid to go in the woods that were full of cougars than if they were so many tom cats."

We must bear in mind that the "shooting iron" the Colonel carried was a very different one than that of Metallak. With a flint lock rifle which might flash in the pan at an instant when most needed, or which, when once fired, did not make even a good cudgel, conditions were far different from those of present day hunting. In these days of high power, automatic, rapid fire guns of every description, no animal on earth has a chance for its life when once within range of such weapons.

I will quote again from Roosevelt's writings to prove that the cougar is a dangerous animal. He says in "The Wilderness Hunter": "In one instance I have known of it springing on, slaying

and eating a full grown wolf."

Again he says, "In 1886 a cougar killed an Indian near Flat Head Lake. Two Indians were hunting together on horseback when they came on the cougar. It fell at once to their shots, and they dismounted and ran towards it. Just as they reached it, it came to, and seized one, killing him instantly with a couple of savage bites in the throat and chest; it then raced after the other, and, as he sprung on his horse, struck him across the buttocks, inflicting a deep but not dangerous scratch. I saw this survivor a year later. He evinced great reluctance to talk of the event, and insisted that the thing that had slain his companion was not really a cougar at all, but a devil."

## CHAPTER IX.

### ANECDOTES OF METALLAK

When Metallak lived at Umbagog Lake he was bothered greatly by another old trapper, named Jones, stealing his furs. Metallak knew he was stealing from him, but could not catch him. Finally one day he caught Jones red handed, as the thief was taking a very nice otter from Metallak's trap.

Now Metallak had never listened to a Judge's decision or been in a Court of Justice, but he sensed at once what the penalty for this particular offense should be. Leaning his gun against a tree, he took hold of Jones and threw him violently to the ground. Then placing his foot in the small of Jones' back to hold him down, he reached over to a nearby tree, broke off a good sized limb, and proceeded to give the rascal the maximum penalty for that offense.

It was known for several years before Metallak's death that there was a little feeling be-

tween the two, but Metallak never told of the incident, and Jones didn't mention it until long after the Indian's death. In telling it, he said, "It seemed as if a small elephant had stepped on me."

Metallak was not without experience in such a case, having had a like instance in his own family.

When Metallak lived on Metallak Point, Richardson Lake, his two sons from Canada used to visit him, via Parmachenee. One fall, he and Olumbo trapped together. Capt. Barker in "Lake and Forest" tells the story:

"One fall Metallak and Olumbo were trapping there alone, and Olumbo, perhaps pining for his Canadian home, took French leave, or rather Indian leave, and took the spoils with him. Accordingly he returned to the camp early one day, packed the furs into his canoe, and started up the Lake.

"Metallak returned to the camp soon after Olumbo had taken his departure, and finding the furs gone, and seeing Olumbo paddling hard towards the head of the Lake, guessed what had happened, and sprang into his canoe and followed. It was six miles to the head of the Lake, and, although Olumbo had quite a start, he found himself no match for his father, for just as he reached the shore at the head of the Lake, Metallak jumped into his canoe and gave him a good trouncing. The canoe was overturned, and Olumbo received a good ducking as well as his trouncing, and had to take to the woods empty handed, while Metallak packed the furs in his canoe and paddled back to camp."

Metallak was in the habit of going to and from the Lakes by way of Swift River Valley, and stopping with one Abram Reed of Roxbury. He was taking dinner there at one time when there was cheese on the table. Mr. Reed passed Metallak the cheese twice and each time it was refused, whereupon Mr. Reed, taking a good generous

slice, laid it beside the old fellow's plate, but he would not eat it. When Metallak thought he was unnoticed, he took the piece and held it behind his chair for one of his dogs. The dog sniffed it once or twice and decided he did not relish the strange morsel any more than his master. So Metallak put it back beside his plate and did not touch it again.

I am told that Metallak was a very soft spoken man. A good story illustrating this is told by an old resident of Andover. Amos Sawyer, from whom Sawyer's Notch and Sawyer Brook derive their names, is reported as being a very violent, cantankerous person. Once, in the presence of Metallak, Sawyer was using loud and vigorous language, whereupon Metallak, patting him on the shoulder, exclaimed:

"Why! Why, Mr. Sawyer! Don't talk um so loud. My squaw can hear you clear up to Molech-unkamunk!"

A good story is told in the early history of Andover concerning Metallak. Moses Merrill, one of the first settlers of Andover, had a brother named Roger. When about 15 years of age they went on a hunting expedition with Metallak on what is known as Farmers Hill. On the slope facing Whitecap and Horse-shoe Pond, the dog began to bark furiously, evidence that game of some sort was ahead, and both started on a run in the direction of the barking, Metallak leading. As he came up to the dog, a huge bear sprang out from beneath a fallen spruce tree and jumping furiously upon him threw him to the ground. The dog, well trained in such matters seized the bear from behind, while the bear to get rid of the dog threw himself over backward. Before the bear could reach him, Roger, gun in hand, killed him by a well directed shot. They immediately returned home for a hand sled with which to bring home the bear, one of the largest

of its kind, the meat of which supplied the family with food for a long time. Neither of the hunters was seriously injured, though Metallak had several scratches from the claws of the bear.

J. G. Rich, who moved from Boston to Richardson Lake in 1845, built the first public camp ever opened in the Lake region. This camp, situated at Middle Dam, was called "The Angler's Retreat." Rich was a great trapper and hunter, killing during his life 73 bears, 50 moose, the same number of caribou, over 200 Canada lynx and hundreds of beaver, otter, mink and other fur bearing animals. He tells the following story about Metallak:

"When Metallak lived on Metallak Point, Richardson Lake, he frequently went to Moses Merrill's at Andover, whom he called for short 'Moserill'. Mr. Merrill had a still and distilled rum. Once he gave Metallak a bottle to take home and try. The next time he came to Andover, Merrill asked Metallak 'how he liked the rum'. He answered, 'Very good only a little too much brook.'

Rich claimed Metallak was a tall straight Indian and very honorable. He liked rum but would never go home to his wife intoxicated, which shows he had more regard for his mate than some of his white brothers.

The facts of the following story were obtained from an old resident of Colebrook, whose father lived in Magalloway and knew Metallak well.

The Indian was engaged in his favorite pastime moose hunting on the Little Magalloway.

In this instance he was more successful than the time John M. Wilson reports, for this time "He see um," and by a well directed shot brought down one of the monarchs of the forest. It was nearly dark but with the aid of a snowshoe for a shovel, he dug down through more than four feet of snow to the ground, and dug out a place

large enough for a fire and to sleep in. During the day the weather had been mild and warm and Metallak did not bother to get a large amount of wood for the night. He thought that lying on a soft bed of boughs, a high snow bank on either side, wrapped in the fresh moose skin would be O. K. The old fellow without the aid of much fire put in one of the most comfortable nights he ever experienced, upon awakening in the morning he was confronted with a new dilemma. The weather had turned suddenly cold and when Metallak tried to get up he found himself encased in a cast iron sarcophagus.

The moose skin, soft and pliable when he wrapped himself up in it the night before, had frozen stiff and solid, and only after struggling for some time did he manage to free himself. After thawing the skin, he commenced to make himself a new pair of moccasins. They were made in this wise: In skinning the creature, you slit the hind leg down the front, leaving the hock joint for the heel of the moccasin, cutting the shank above the hock as long as you need the leg, and cutting it below the hock long enough for the foot of the moccasin. Then trim it to fit the foot. Then commence at the toe, making holes on either side and begin to lace it up leaving the hair side out. This makes a very warm rig as the writer can testify. They are easy to travel in as it allows free action of the muscle of the foot, and are ideal in a snowshoe. The Indians of the Plains make a similar shoe for their horses when they become foot sore. They take a circular piece of skin eighteen inches in diametr. Holes are punched around the edge, and a puckering string is inserted. The horse's foot is placed in the center, the string is tightened around the ankle, and you have a shoe that allows the horse to travel in comfort.

## CHAPTER X.

## DEATH OF OOZALLUC

The next record we have, he was living on Metallak Point, Richardson Lake, from which he made his pilgrimages to Andover and other nearby towns. He must have passed some of the happiest days of his life living there with his good wife, Oozalluc, but fate ruled it was not to last, and Oozalluc sickened and died in the dead of winter. So far as I can learn, Metallak never divulged one word concerning this illness and death. I can hardly picture in my own mind, much less write it, such a trying ordeal as that must have been for any human being to pass through. No old time medicine man to take up his attention or soothe his fears, no minister or priest to reassure him as to the future, no human soul he could call upon or expect sympathy from.

He must have felt as Longfellow describes Hiawatha:

Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!  
Through the far resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant  
Rang the cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
Minnehaha, Minnehaha!

And when the end finally came and it became necessary (as he could not then bury her) to do her up in birch bark, and suspend her from a limb of a tree that leaned over the smoke hole of his camp, there were no loving hands to help him.

This was the Indian method of embalming the dead, I am told by old hunters. In these modern times, that might seem rather crude, but "Neces-

sity is the Mother of Invention."

It is claimed that Metallak never fully recovered from this ordeal, and was never the same ever after. He is shown as having very dark piercing eyes, and after Oozalluc's death, it is said that these eyes lost their fire, and he his old time vigor.

After Oozalluc's death he could not content himself at Metallak Point, so he pulled up stakes and moved to the island that bears his name in Umbagog Lake. We do not know a great deal about his life there, but we hear he used to go to Errol for supplies. He traded with one John Akers, who lived on the shores of Akers' Pond, and whose house is still standing. It is claimed this was the first place he visited after he buried his wife. Mrs Akers is reported as saying, "He was the palest Indian I ever saw."

It is claimed that after Metallak buried Oozalluc that he sat on the grave three days and nights, taking neither food nor water during this time. Ever after so long as he retained his eye sight, he was a frequent visitor. He never approached the grave from the same point, was very careful not to break any branches, and never made any paths to aid others to find it. He did not wish to have any one accompany him, and I have never heard of but one man whom he ever took to her grave. He was guiding for a man and after much persuading, consented to let this man accompany him. Before Metallak went to the grave, he went to a nearby brook and thoroughly washed his face and hands. At such a time Metallak must have believed that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." The only monument or marker on the grave was a paddle, and when this rotted, another was erected in its place.

How long Metallak stayed in this region, no one seems to know, nor do we know why he left. It may have been because the hunting and trap-

ping became poor. We next find him upon the Magalloway River, near Lower Metallak Pond. This pond is on the west side of Magalloway River, very close to it, and some twelve miles from Aziscohos Falls. Since building Aziscohos Dam, both Upper and Lower Metallak Ponds are flooded, creating what is known as Sawyer Lake. This is a body of water fourteen miles long. Aziscohos is an Indian name meaning "Great Falls." Metallak lived there about twelve years, being visited by many noted men including Governor Lincoln, Congressman Mason and others.

In this camp was found the only record Metallak ever kept. Several years before the death of Oozalluc, she went into the woods and procured a small, round hemlock stick about three feet long. She took off the bark with her hands and designated it to be kept as a record of her decease. This stick was worn perfectly smooth by many years handling. Upon this momento of his beloved Oozalluc were thirty notches made by Metallak's knife, each notch representing a year since her passing to the "Happy Hunting" Grounds." This was the only family record found about the lodge, but he preserved the one there was with the utmost care.

Evidence of his skill as a hunter were several cart loads of moose bones in a pile back of the camp. His whole life had been devoted exclusively to hunting and fishing, and he never performed one day of manual labor. He had no desire to work and thus create a higher and better civilization. He knew nothing of Agriculture. To him, it was a slow occupation compared with the chase. He never raised a peck of potatoes or grew an ear of corn, and when living at Metallak Pond he preferred to haul his "taters" on a hand sled for twelve miles rather than raise any.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LOST ON THE LAKE

Probably there was no man living who would have been more willing to haul Metallak, when blinded, that twelve long miles out of the woods than Jonathan Leavitt. It is a singular coincidence that several years, before, when Metallak lived on Metallak Island, Umbagog Lake, he saved Leavitt's life.

The facts were given the writer by Mr. Leavitt's grandson, Lewis Jonathan Leavitt who lived in Magalloway. One day in December, he left his home to go to Upton with a grist, there being the nearest available mill.

There was at that time no road down the river as there is today, and the only route was across Umbagog Lake. It was a typical winter morning with the thermometer hovering at zero. There was no wind, a dull hazy day, with few clouds to be seen, and not a sign of life on the Lake. Nothing broke the monotony of the trip but occasionally a snap of the ice as the horse made good time over the glassy surface.

Mr. Leavitt arrived at the mill shortly before noon and soon the miller was at work on the grist. The mill at Upton was not a modern affair, but was in keeping with everything else of that period. The cold weather had dried up the stream so the miller was at a disadvantage to do quick work. I think it must have been this type of mill that is referred to in the story. An old timer was waiting for his grist. Getting impatient he said to the miller, "I have an ox at home that could eat the meal faster than you grind it."

The miller answered, "How long could he eat it?" The man said, "Till he starved to death."

Finally the old saying came true, "Everything

comes to him who will but wait." At last the grist was ground and Leavitt started to return home. It was now past mid-afternoon, the weather had moderated somewhat, and it looked as though a storm was not far distant. Leavitt made as good time as possible, and had gotten half way across the Lake before dark. Suddenly there came up one of those snow squalls peculiar to the Lake region, and it became so dark that Leavitt lost his bearings and wandered around on the Lake for several hours before he finally struck land. He thought it must be the opposite shore, but found it was a small island. Then he knew it must be Metallak Island, where the old Indian had his lodge. He began to cry out and as fortune would have it he was heard by Metallak, who came running to the rescue, piloting Leavitt to his warm wigwam and rendering that true Indian hospitality for which Metallak was noted all his life. Leavitt's horse fared fully as well as his master, and was put into a lean to that Metallak used for storing wood. To make him more comfortable and warm for the night Metallak put over him one of his well tanned moose skins for a blanket. The old Indian had a process all his own by which he tanned skins, making them very soft and pliable. Had it not been for the timely aid Metallak rendered at this time, Jonathan Leavitt would not have been going up to Parmacheenee Lake that March morning in 1836 when he found Metallak lying in his bunk, blind.

I have heard that the Indians tanned the deer hides by rubbing the brains and fat of the deer into the skins, rinsing them out repeatedly. It was a long and tedious process to make a really fine piece of buckskin. The Indians made two kinds, one white, the other smoked tanned. The last named was thoroughly and repeatedly smoked, during the tanning process, over an arch

of willow sticks with a little fire underneath, the fire being made of materials which would produce heavy smoke and but little heat.

As far back as the white man has any knowledge, the tanned hides of deer and antelopes have been used by the Indians and white men of the United States to make wearing apparel. They found at times that they did not chill so readily when wearing buckskin clothing as when dressed in other garb of wool or cotton make. Colonel Roosevelt speaks of it in the highest terms. The Colonel also says that moose hides, like elk hides, are very inferior in quality, and do not compare with deer and caribou. The latter make the best web for snowshoes that can be found.

Old hunters have told me that the flesh of the caribou is very poor eating. Colonel Roosevelt in the "Wilderness Hunters" says:

"The flesh of the moose is very good, though some deem it coarse. Old hunters, who always like rich, greasy food, rank the moose nose with the beaver's tail, as the chief of backwoods delicacies; personally I never liked either."

Some lumbermen I knew on the Aroostook, in Maine, once captured a young moose, and put it in a pen of logs. A few days later they captured another, somewhat smaller, and put it in the same pen, thinking the first would be grateful at having a companion. But if it was it hid its feelings for it promptly fell on the unfortunate newcomer and killed it before it could be rescued.

Nellie Bunnell, granddaughter of Mr. Fellows, the man at whose house Metallak died, told the writer that Metallak claimed that when he was taken blind, he had a tame moose in captivity, kept in a pen of logs. After the Indian lost his eyesight he was obliged to take the logs for fire wood and the moose escaped.

## CHAPTER XII.

## METALLAK'S BLINDNESS

The writer believes he has come nearer to the real truth concerning the finding of Metallak when blinded than any other writer, as he was fortunate in obtaining an interview with Lewis Leavitt, the grandson of one of the men who found Metallak. Mr Leavitt says, in part:

"Jonathan Leavitt and John Bennett, two old time settlers of Magalloway, were going up Par-macheenee to cut pine in the month of March, 1836. When they reached Lower Metallak Pond, they were attracted by the peculiar tracks around Metallak's camp, and upon entering they found Metallak prostrate in his bunk, wrapped in his furs. He was indeed a pitiful, woeful sight, without fire, food or water, as helpless as an Indian papoose strapped to its board.

In response to their "Hello! Mettallak," he said, "Me know um voice, John. Me no see um." Metallak, in closing a moccasin, had lost the use of one eye many years previous to this. He told these good friends that while drawing a log for fire wood he had met disaster again. He was using the tump line that he used to carry his pack. Like himself the line was getting old, and it broke and sent Metallak sprawling. He fell onto a stub completely blinding himself.

Other writers claim that Metallak refused to leave the camp and so was left alone until his daughter came for him. Mr. Leavitt claims this is not true, as Metallak had no desire or intention to be left.

The suffering this poor man underwent during the many days he was confined in this camp cannot be imagined. The pain from his injured eye could not have been worse than the mental strain, knowing that the chances were he would have

to lie there and die from sheer exhaustion. Such a strain day after day, unable to tell whether it be mid-day or midnight, realizing the country was infested with wolves, hungry bears and other stalking terrors, would have well nigh unbalanced a white man's reason.

At this time Metallak's early training plus the quality in which he had schooled himself all his life, came into play. That is stoicism. The little Indian papooses are miniature examples of this. They are left strapped to their boards for hours at a stretch, and no notice is taken of their cries and whimperings until they actually need nourishment. Thus they soon learn to take life uncomplainingly as it is offered. Metallak had fed himself upon this nourishment until he was so weak he could not stand. These men realized there was naught to do but get Metallak to the settlement at once, so they tied him to his own handsled and hauled him twelve miles to a Mr. Lombard's at what is now the Aziscohos House. Upon arriving he was in such condition that he could only take a little milk and whiskey, but as soon as he had a taste of this, he kept continually reaching out his hand for more. Mrs. Lombard said he was the most pitiful object she ever saw. These facts are further substantiated by a Mrs. Bennett, nearly 100 years of age, who has lived in that section since 1853, to whom Mrs. Lombard told this story in 1858. Metallak's daughter was notified in Canada of her father's condition and came and took him back home with her. Metallak was not happy there, however, so he hired a boy to lead him back to the States. One writer, Capt. Barker, says he was going back to Andover to Moses Merrill's. At any rate, he never got there, for the boy tired of the job, left Metallak in the middle of the road one night, and skipped his charge. That happened in Stewartstown, New Hampshire.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## OLD AGE AND DEATH

When a boy, I was always told that Metallak died at the home of Leonard Fellows, whom I knew well as "Old Leonard," as he was familiarly known by the towns people. He had a boy called Buzzell, a reckless, daring fellow whom I just remember, as he died in middle age. I have heard my father tell many times how Buzzell when a youngster would lead Metallak around and when ready to leave him, would invariably leave him in a great clump of bull thistles, near the house. Imagine the poor, old, blind Indian thrashing around trying to find a way out of the thistles and the boy, watching, and jumping up and down enjoying Metallak's dilemma.

Nellie Bunnell, granddaughter of Fellows, told the writer that they never could induce Metallak to sleep in a bed, and had to make him a bunk on the floor. It was in this bunk that he was found dead one morning. When asked what Metallak died of, Mrs. Bunnell said, "Old Age." In view of the fact that he old man was 120, that was indisputable.

Metallak used to lie in his bunk and run his hands through his hair. If he found a spear longer than the rest, he would break it off, so he never needed a hair cut.

One morning Mr. Fellows found a young calf and thought he would take it into the house and fool Metallak. He did so and told Metallak:

"Here, Metallak, I've found a young moose out in the pasture."

Metallak answered, "Let me put my hand on it." Thereupon the Indian grunted, "That's no moose—it's only a cow's calf."

Mrs. Hawes, daughter of Mr. Fellows, told me in a recent letter that Metallak never would tell

them how old he was. When asked he would only reply, "A great many moons!" She said he was generally pleasant and agreeable but would sometimes have surly spells. He alluded to his last wife as "Molly Molasses." He had a strong liking for molasses.

When living on Magalloway, Mrs. Lombard gave him at one time a jug of molasses. He was greatly pleased and went his way kissing the jug, and in return he picked her a large quantity of blueberries, bringing them to Mrs. Lombard in a nice box made from birch bark.

The children looked forward to Metallak's visits to the settlements with a great deal of pleasant anticipation. The old fellow was quite fond of the youngsters, and used to let one little boy, Joseph York, ride on the tail ends of his snowshoes.

It will be noticed that there are many places in the Lake regions named in honor of or by Metallak. Moll's Rock and Moll's Carry are names given those places by Metallak in honor of his wife. I saw a guide in Magalloway who claimed that Metallak's daughter was called Parmachenee, an Indian name meaning "Smiling Waters."

In a book which was compiled and published by C. E. Tewksbury (Town Clerk) in 1888 which is called "The Vital Statistics of Stewartstown, N. H." from 1770-1888 I found the following in the Column of Deaths, on Page 50, Metallak (Indian) died Feb. 1847, age 120 years.

*Signed GEO. L. WOOD, Town Clerk.*

I obtained the following from George L. Wood, Town Clerk of Stewartstown, N. H.:

"At a legal Town Meeting in Stewartstown, N. H., on Tuesday, the 10th day of March, 1840, the people voted to set up the Town poor at Auction to the lowest bidder. Those who bid them off were to procure bonds for the faithful

performance of their treatment to them.

"Metallak was bid off by Howard Blodgett for \$48.25 and was to clothe him, find him in tobacco, and return him to the town clothed as well as when he took him.

"At a Town Meeting in Stewartstown, N. H., on the 13th day of March, 1841, the people voted to set up the support of the paupers to the lowest bidder. Metallak was struck off to Howard Blodgett to be kept for one year for 37.00, said Blodgett to furnish all but clothing and doctors bills till the second Tuesday of March next.

"In 1842 and 1843 Metallak's name was not mentioned among the other paupers.

"At a Town Meeting in Stewartstown, N. H., 12th day of March 1844, the people voted to set up the town paupers at Auction. Metallak, the Indian and County Pauper was bid off by Leonard H. Fellows, for \$29.75, the town to clothe him and pay the doctors bills.

"In 1845 the people of Stewartstown voted to set up the town poor at vandue to the lowest bidder. Metallak the Indian was struck off to Leonard H. Fellows at \$29.00.

"In 1846 Metallak was struck off to John M. Brainnard for \$32.00.

"In 1847 Howard Blodgett, Jr., bid off Metallak at \$40.00."

We now come to Metallak's last resting place, North Hill cemetery. This is a nice little niche of a yard, situated on a miniature mountain in Stewartstown, N. H. We find it a very pleasant spot commanding a fine view of his former Canadian home, looking to the north. A little to the eastward are the head waters of the Androscoggin, to the west is the Connecticut River.

In the same yard are resting Mr. and Mrs. Fellows, the people who ministered to him during his last days on earth.

As I stood by his grave and viewed this beau-

tiful country, I thought that if Metallak could not be buried by his beloved Oozalluc, that surely he would be satisfied with this place. Here his remains rested almost seventy years without so much as a broken paddle to mark the spot. In 1915, through the generosity of a Colebrook citizen, there was erected a small stone to commemorate the spot where rests Metallak, the Lone Indian of Magalloway, the last of the Coash-aukes.

The writer well remembers as a child hearing about Metallak, so long ago that I cannot remember anything before that. I was well acquainted with those at whose home Metallak died, and he was always referred to as the last of his race.

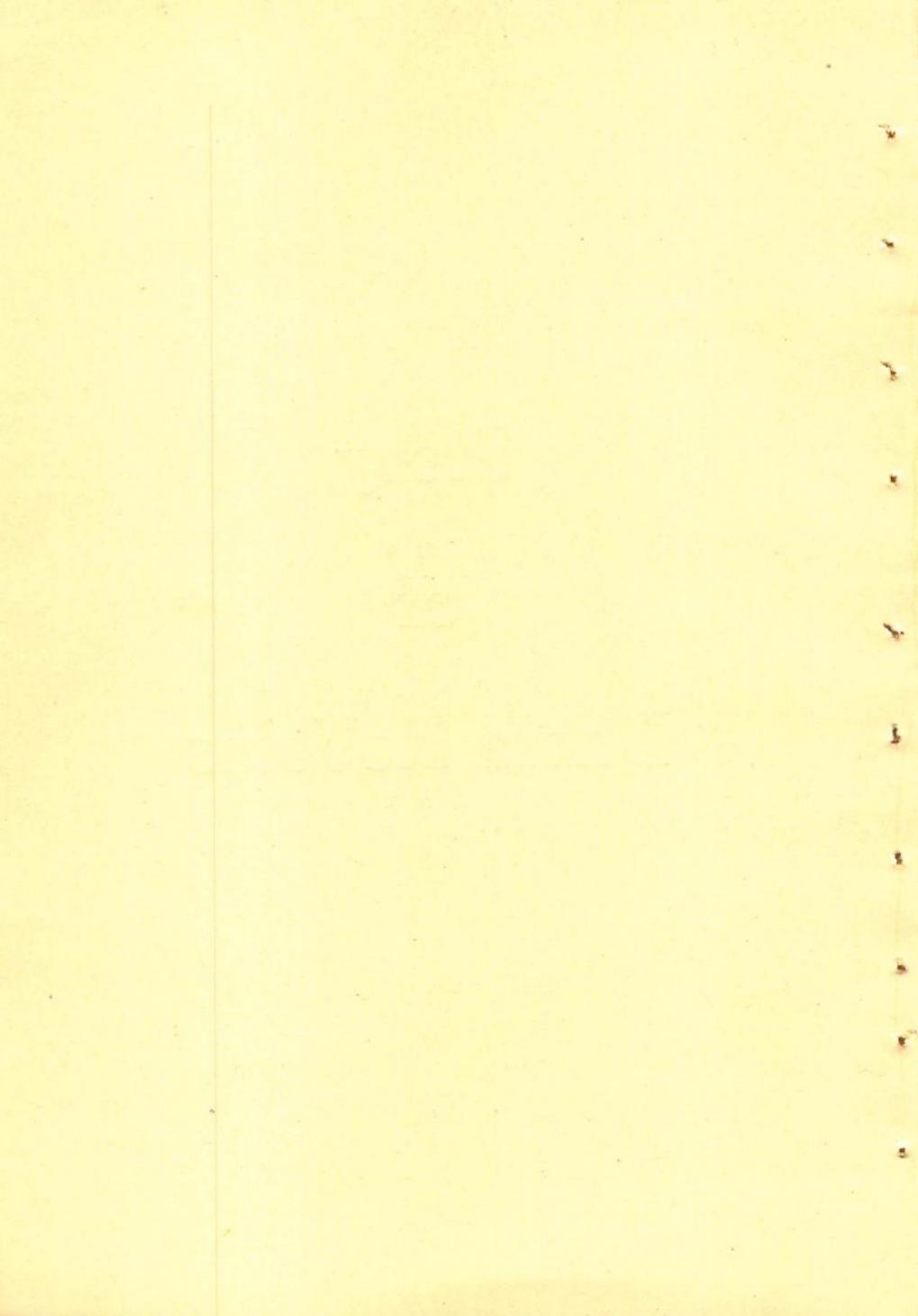
When I came to join Metallak Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and found that the rank and file of the members knew nothing whatever of Metallak, the need of this book suggested itself to me.

I assure the readers that it has been a very pleasant task, although not an easy one on account of the meager ways I had of gaining information. It reminds me of trying to follow the Lost River in Franconia Notch. Certainly harder than to commence at the mouth of an ordinary river and follow it to its head.

PLEASE RETURN TO THE  
**Bethel Historical Society**,  
BETHEL, MAINE 04217



Story  
of  
David Robbins



# *DAVID ROBBINS*

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY LIFE

The writer feels that this little book would be incomplete without some reference to the life and alleged crimes of David Robbins. When I was a small boy there fell into my hands a pamphlet of some thirty pages, "The Doings and Deeds of David Robbins." This book was made doubly interesting by the fact that near my home lived an old gentleman who was well acquainted with Robbins, and who told me many tales concerning him. So among the names indelibly stamped upon my memory is that of David Robbins.

The early life of Robbins is shrouded in mystery. It is by no means certain that we have his real name, though he was never known by any other after he came to Oxford County. In the year 1820 a young man appeared in Bethel, and gave his name as David Robbins. He came on horseback, and the horse and clothes he wore constituted the sum total of his personal estate. Whence he came no one knew, and concerning his past life, he declined to give any account. He was tall and slightly built, his complexion sandy, his hair inclining to red, and his nose, which was his most prominent feature, was hooked like the eagle's beak and a little bent toward the left side.

His powers of endurance were marvelous. He worked for the farmers at Bethel Hill, and was considered an extra good hand. In the autumn he would do a day's work on the farm and then thrash grain with a flail until midnight. He was

quiet in manner, holding no conversation with anyone except that necessary in his work. In winter, Robbins worked in the logging swamps in the neighboring town of Gilead. He was very penurious, and his leading characteristic appeared to be the accumulation of money.

He was grasping and mean, allowing himself but little for clothing and when working for himself, subsisting on the cheapest and coarsest of fare. It is remembered that in the autumn of 1822, Robbins made a journey to the head waters of the Androscoggin River. He was absent three or four weeks, but the object of his visit was known only to himself. In the spring of 1823, to the great surprise of the people of Bethel Hill, Robbins was married to Miss Harriet Stearns, daughter of Thomas Stearns, one of the wealthiest and most respected farmers in town. Such an alliance was never thought of outside the contracting parties until it took place. It was said that the parents were equally ignorant of her intentions until the day arrived, and all they could do or say failed to change her purpose.

Soon after his marriage Robbins packed up his goods, and with his wife set out on the long, wearisome journey through the towns, Newry, Grafton and Upton in Maine and Cambridge and Errol in New Hampshire.. They then followed up the Androscoggin River to the mouth of the Magalloway, up this river many miles, to the mouth of the Diamond, which he had selected on his former visit for a home site. He fell to work with his usual vigor, and by toiling nearly night and day, he soon had a shelter for his wife and a good area of cleared land about it. He soon had quite a farm in this wilderness. He kept cows and oxen, and ere long the prattle of children was for the first time heard in this wild region.

Robbins was an expert trapper and the country abounded in fur bearing animals, which became to him a great source of gain. He made frequent trips to Andover, via Umbagog and Richardson Lakes, and to Farmington by way of the Rangeleys, where he disposed of his furs and purchased his supplies.

He seemed prosperous and contented, and a half century after, his aged wife spoke of that time as the happiest period of her whole life.

This season of prosperity was not endless, for circumstances arose to break up and make desolate that happy home at the mouth of the Diamond, and the family was scattered never to be reunited on this earth.

## CHAPTER II.

### DISAPPEARANCE OF JIM WILBUR

In 1826 there lived in Letter E. Plantation, a township situated between Rangeley Lakes and Phillips, a man named James Wilbur. The place he selected for his home was on the very border of civilization towards the Lake region. On his way to Farmington to sell his furs, Robbins quite frequently passed by the Wilbur place, and was well known to the family, which consisted of wife, Sarah, and several small children, all daughters but one. The son, aged three, was named for his father and was called "Jim".

One day in the autumn of 1826 "Jim" with one of the girls, was playing in the woods near the house. They had been absent awhile when the girl returned without the boy. It is said that they engaged in play till they became tired, when they laid down upon the leaves and fell asleep. When the girl awoke, "Jim" was gone, and supposing he had gone to the house she hurried there herself, but found he had not been there. In

much alarm the mother hastened to the spot and found the little frock which "Jim" had worn lying on the ground. The garment was entire and there was no evidence that a wild beast had been there. She at once became convinced that the child had been stolen. It was known that Robbins was at Farmington the day before the boy was missed, and that he left for home by way of the Wilbur place.

He did not call at Wilbur's this time, nor did anyone see him pass. Mr. Wilbur at this time was absent from home. The alarm increased with every hour, and soon every man and boy in that region was out searching for days and days. Some thought the child might have thrown off his garment and strayed into the woods, and had faint hopes he might be found. After several days of searching within a radius of several miles, all remaining hope was lost. They became convinced that "Jimmy" had been captured and carried away by either an Indian or white man. As circumstances pointed strongly to Robbins, his place was visited, but no evidence of guilt could be brought to bear upon him, and he was not molested.

The Wilburs continued the search for the lost child. They interviewed Indians where ever they could find them, and carefully scrutinized every boy. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur grew prematurely old in their search which was attended by so many disappointments, and they finally left their home in Franklin County and moved to Bethel. Their daughters, grown up, had gone to work in the cotton factory, and the old people lived alone. The daughters had never forgotten little "Jimmy," however, and made it a point to visit every Indian encampment. During the summer season, strolling bands of Indians had been in the habit of stopping in the vicinity of Saco, where they made baskets and other simple wares to

sell to the factory girls and other citizens. The Wilbur girls visited these Indian camps many times but always went away without results.

### CHAPTER III.

#### TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Twenty years had elapsed since the child's disappearance and not one word of intelligence had been received in response to numerous inquiries. In 1846, while the Wilbur girls, Persis and Hannah, were at work in the Saco factory, they learned that a party of Indians had gone into camp in the suburbs of the city. Accordingly, the girls visited the camp as usual.

Hardly had they entered camp, when they saw a person wearing Indian garb, speaking the Indian language, and having an Indian wife, yet who had every appearance of being a white man. As they approached him, they were struck dumb at the close resemblance between this Indian and their father. He was sun-burned, swarthy, and filthy, but notwithstanding all this, the resemblance to Mr. Wilbur was very striking.

The girls made inquiries, and found this man was of English parentage, though he had been with the tribe since childhood. He could talk in broken English, and did have a faint recollection of living with a white man and woman, where there were other children; of making a long journey through the woods with a white man, and being given up by him to the Indians. He also remembered his name was "Jim," and this was what the Indians had always called him. He was brought up at the Indian village on the St. Francis, Canada, and there married his Indian wife.

All the circumstances were such as to convince

the Wilbur girls that their long lost brother had been found. They informed the young man of their relationship to him, and spoke of the patient search of their father and mother, who, they informed him, were still alive. He received their account with Indian stoicism, showing no interest in the whole subject, much to the disappointment of the sisters.

They furnished "Jim" with a new suit of clothes, and when he was dressed up, and his hair trimmed, the resemblance to their father was still more apparent. The aged parents were at once notified of the discovery and identity of their lost boy, and preparations were made for a family meeting. It was arranged that the father should come down from his home to a little hamlet in Milton Plantation, and await the arrival of the stage.

The meeting took place at the house of Amassa H. Merrill, where the stage stopped to leave and take mail. It is described by those present as being affecting, but it was nothing compared to the meeting between mother and son at the Wilbur homestead an hour later. "Jim" for once threw away his stoicism, and falling upon his mother's neck, wept like a child. His description of the white man who had led him away, so far as it went, tallied with that of Robbins, and there was no longer any doubt in the minds of the people that he was the abductor.

What the object was can only be a matter of conjecture, as the Indians were very reticent.

There is a story told that when Robbins was leading the little boy through the woods, he met a band of Indians, the chief of whom asked what was to be done with the child. Robbins answered that he would make good sable bait. This touched the heart of even the savage and the old chief offered Robbins three beaver skins for the child, which offer was accepted.

While "Jim" dressed like an Indian and spoke their language, he had none of the Indians' native cunning and shrewdness, and was regarded by them as a poor Indian. The Wilburs continued to reside upon their farm in Bethel for some years. They could offer "Jim" no inducement to come and live with them, but he made them a short yearly visit, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by his squaw.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ROBBINS' TREACHERY

In 1827, in the town of Milan, N. H., lived Abner Hinds, famous woodsman, hunter, and an expert trapper, who was often accompanied by Seth Cloutman, also a Milan resident. They resolved to penetrate farther in the forest, and starting with all the hunting paraphenalia, they went by means of canoes up the Androscoggin and Magalloway to Little Kenabago Pond, where they proposed to erect their home camp.

David Robbins also resolved to seek new hunting grounds, and taking his birch canoe and traps, he started for the Little Kenebago, a few days behind the other party. Upon his arrival, Hinds and Cloutman claimed the right to hunt in that region under the Indian rules of priority. Robbins appeared very friendly, and suggested the idea of their putting traps into one stock and hunting together. After much persuasion he induced the others to accept his proposition, and they built a large home camp. They hunted and trapped seven or eight weeks, and were successful beyond all hopes. Winter came on, snow became deep, the work stopped, and the provisions were becoming very short. It was agreed that Robbins should go to his home on the Magalloway, and bring in food, while Hinds and Clout-

man were to go over the line, gather up the furs, and take up the traps. This would take about twelve days, after which they were to meet Robbins at the home camp.

When Hinds and Cloutman reached the home camp or rather where it was, they found the camp in ashes, and the ruins covered with more than a foot of snow. They were nearly exhausted, entirely destitute of food, and fifty miles from the nearest habitation. First they believed the burning accidental, but decided later that Robbins had plundered the camp, burned it, and secreted the furs nearby. He confessed later he had no idea his fellow hunters would ever return.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PUNISHMENT

Hinds and Cloutman shot an occasional rabbit or partridge which kept them from starving, and finally reached the settlement at the foot of Umbagog Lake. Staying there two weeks, they recovered, and decided to go over the ground to get the final traps and fur they had gathered on the last trip.

They then started for home, but before they reached the Lake, they struck the trail of Robbins, who had been after his plunder with sleds. The two men went to Robbins' home and inquired for him. Mrs. Robbins, not knowing what her husband had done, said he had gone to Farmington to dispose of his furs. Robbins doubtless thought that Hinds and Cloutman had perished in the forest, and that he could safely sell the furs.

The men decided to waylay Robbins on his return, and force him to give an account of himself. They knew the route he would follow,

and Mrs. Robbins had told them it was nearly time for him to return.

So Hinds and Cloutman started out to meet Robbins. About the middle of the afternoon they sighted him on the river, and soon afterwards they met. Robbins seemed extremely astonished when he recognized his former comrades, but tried to be calm and collected and addressed them in a friendly tone.

They did not answer him. Cloutman was a timid man and left the settlement with Hinds. The latter knew all talk would be useless, so he laid down his gun and pack, squared off, knocked Robbins flat, and proceeded to give him such a flogging as the circumstances seemed to demand. Robbins begged for his life and made a clean breast of the whole story, promising to make full reparation in so far as money could do so. As money was what Cloutman and Hinds wanted from Robbins they listened to his proposition.

The men returned home with Robbins and there affected a settlement. Robbins did not have sufficient money to pay the total amount so he turned out four head of cattle and gave his note for the balance. Cloutman was paid in full, and Hinds took the note in his own name.

The two men left and started for home, where their families, who had awaited them anxiously for several weeks, were delighted at their safe homecoming. The perfidy of Robbins as told by Hinds and Cloutman, was retold at every hearth-stone in the surrounding country.

Cloutman, after this episode, decided he had had enough, and would never venture into the Lake region again. Hinds, on the other hand, was more adventurous and did not know fear. So as soon as rested from his last trip, he set out once more.

## CHAPTER VI.

## ROBBINS' REVENGE; HIS CAPTURE

Hinds had a son of fifteen who was anxious to go with his father. Finally the father gave his consent and they started for the Kenebago country in the middle of the winter, planning to stay until the close of the spring hunt.

Winter passed, summer came but no word was heard from the hunters. The neighbors were busy with their work and it was mid-summer before a party went into the Lake region to search for the missing Hinds. They were absent about a month before they returned with no news from the hunters. Whatever opinion they may have formed, they kept to themselves.

Finally the following story was told; Hinds and his son went to Kenebago, the place of the tragedy, the previous year, where they were met by Robbins. He professed to have become a better man and wanted to make further reparation for all the wrong he had done Hinds and his companion. Robbins said that he had just found a place where beaver were very plenty, and if Hinds and son would join him they might have half the fur, and Robbins' half should go to pay the note Hinds held against him. Strange to say, after knowing Robbins so well, Hinds consented. In less than a week Robbins returned, but Hinds and his son were never again seen or heard from.

The summer passed and nothing further was done concerning the mystery. The people of Milan and Coos County, however, had come to the conclusion that there had been foul play and that David Robbins was the guilty party. They determined to have Robbins arrested and arraigned for the crime of murder. A warrant was sworn at Lancaster, N. H., the shire town of Coos

County, and was placed in the hands of Lewis Loomis, deputy sheriff of Colebrook, N. H.

Loomis was one of the most noted characters ever produced in Coos County. He was a very large man, six feet and six inches tall, well proportioned, straight as an arrow, and with plenty of courage to go with his fine physique. I have heard my father speak of him many times.

One story, I remember particularly, relates how Loomis, on the wager of a gallon of rum, mowed an acre of grass in an hour and ten minutes. The only condition was that he should have a sharp scythe at every corner.

Loomis at once began to get ready for the expedition, nor could the difficult task of arresting Robbins have been assigned to abler or better hands. Well armed and well provisioned, Loomis and Ellingwood from Milan started up the Androscoggin, and in two days were in the Magalloway country, near Robbins' home. Here they met Metallak of whom they inquired about Robbins. He said Robbins had started the day before for a long hunting trip. Loomis concluded from this that Robbins had become alarmed and was making tracks for Canada. Robbins had just twenty-four hours start.

They proceeded with extreme caution, for fear Robbins suspected he was followed and might lie in ambush and shoot them as they passed. When night came they camped without fire. Ellingwood was a strong man, marked for feats of endurance, and was familiar with canoeing and the water passages through which the two must pass.

The second afternoon of the pursuit Loomis sat in the bow of the boat with a cocked rifle in his hand, while Ellingwood worked at the oars. At about two o'clock they arrived at a carrying place, nearly two miles long, where everything had to be toted along the bank. They now moved

more cautiously than ever, for they were sure they would find some signs of Robbins here.

Robbins had taken every precaution to baffle pursuit. They were about to draw out their canoe and proceed up the carry, when one of them discovered a blind trail. Following this a few feet, they found a pack hidden in the bushes.

Ellingwood hid in a clump of firs above the pack and Loomis concealed himself close by the trail. In about twenty minutes they heard footsteps and soon Robbins appeared upon the scene. When he was opposite the sheriff's hiding place, Loomis sprang upon him like a tiger and felled him in a moment. Ellingwood came and they bound the prisoner hand and foot, placed him in their canoe, and taking the other craft in tow, started homeward.

At length, after a number of days had elapsed, Loomis, Ellingwood and Robbins reached Lancaster, where Robbins was lodged in jail, a rude structure, built of logs.

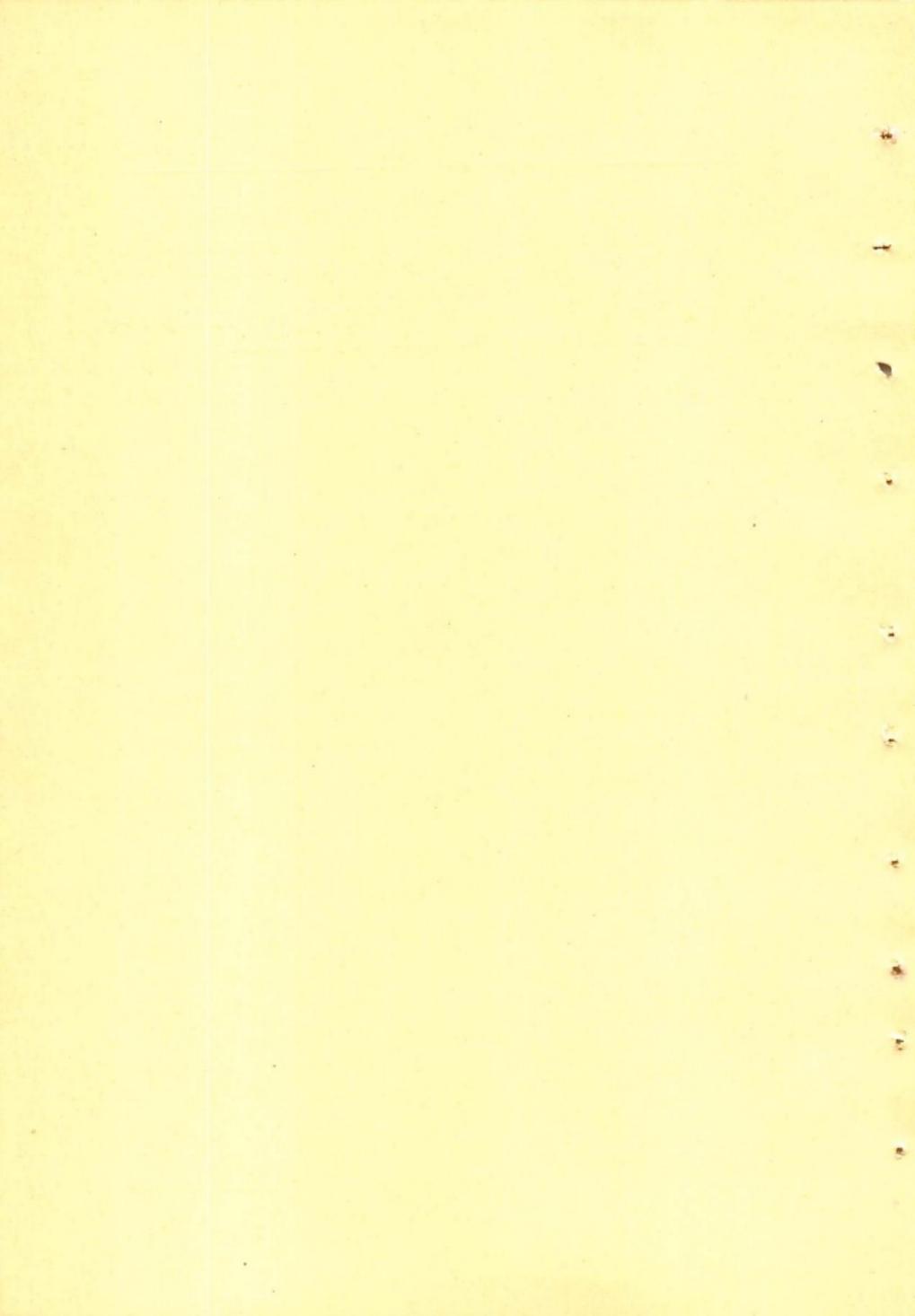
Robbins was reticent and very docile, but there was great rejoicing throughout the entire region at his capture. The next session of court was not scheduled until the following April.

In Robbins' cell, there was a window opening ten inches square. He was a broad shouldered man and the idea of his getting through such a tiny aperture seemed preposterous, but the morning court sat, Robbins' cell was vacant, and nothing authentic was heard of him afterwards.

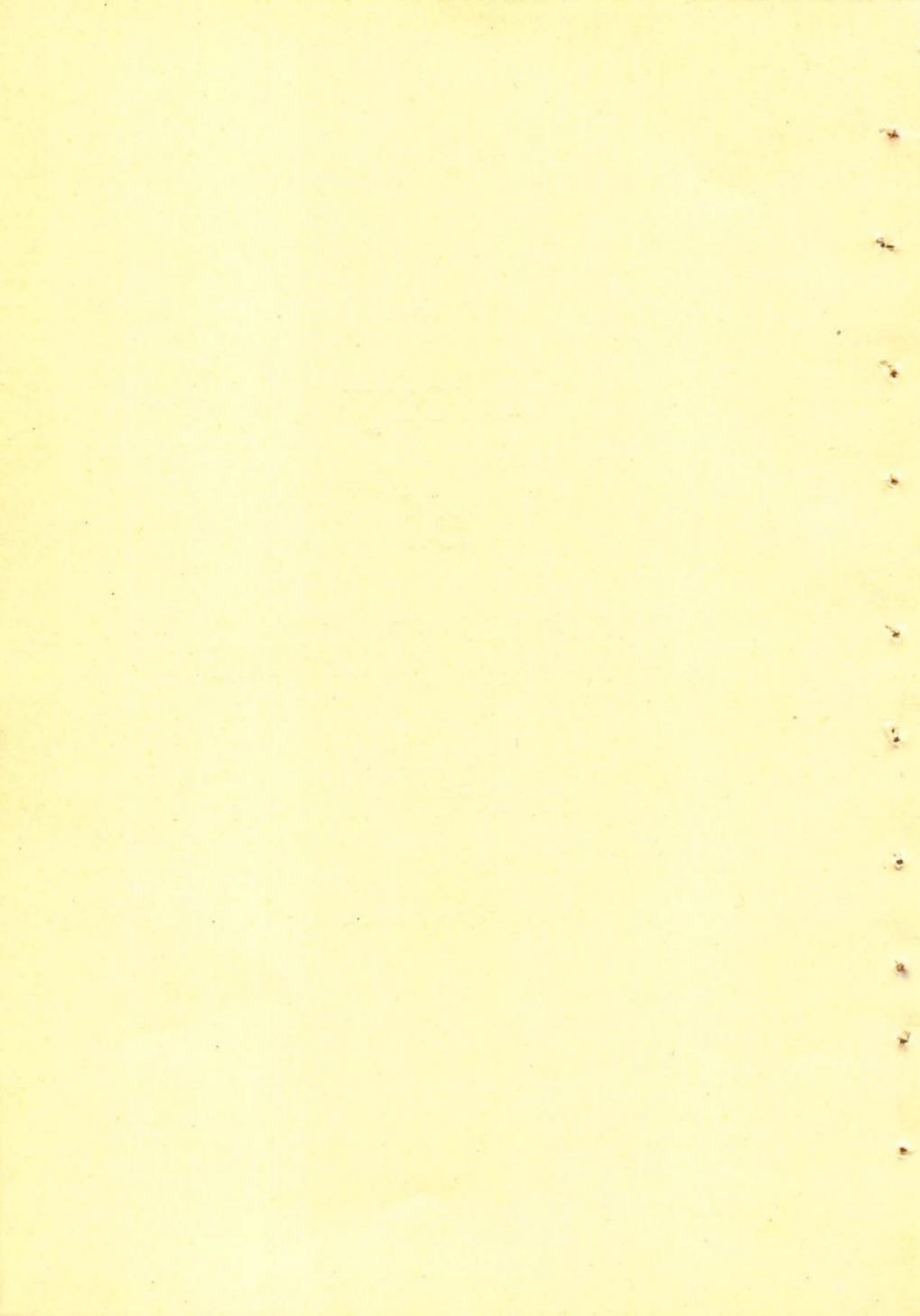
Of course, the evidence against Robbins was circumstantial, but was of such a nature as to leave little doubt. What the outcome of the trial might have been is hard to predict, as Robbins was being tried in New Hampshire for a crime alleged to have been committed in Maine. Several years afterwards a report was in circulation in Coos County, that Robbins had been tried for murder in Canada, that he was convicted and

hanged. It was said that under the gibbet, he confessed to the murder of Hinds and his son, and to various other crimes, including the abduction of the Wilbur boy.

After Robbins' arrest, Mrs Robbins left Magalloway and finally died in Newry in 1881.



Story  
of  
Molly Ockett  
and  
Sabattis



# *Molly Ockett and Sabattis*

## CHAPTER I.

The name Molly Ockett will be remembered by all the older residents of this section of the country. She was known as a Saint Francis Indian. Molly came to Bethel soon after the arrival of the first settlers, and claimed a right to the land as an original proprietor. Mrs Martha Rowe of Gilead, who knew Molly well, described her as a pretty, genteel squaw. So far as known, she was never legally married, but lived for a time with an Indian called Sabattis, and had three children by him. After a time, she refused to live with him because of his intemperate habits, notwithstanding the fact that Molly was very fond of good rum.

This man, \*Sabattis, was an Indian, whom Colonel Rogers brought to Fryeburg in 1759. Nothing more is known of him until the Indians led by Tom Hegan raided Bethel in 1781. Then the people of Bethel called on Fryeburg for assistance and Captain Farrington raised a posse of thirty men. With Sabattis for a guide, they started in pursuit of the Indians, who had thirty-six hours the start. Indian file, Sabattis ahead, they marched through the towns of Lovell, Waterford and Albany, over a route, where the white men could see no track or trail. Here they met Clark, returning. The Indians had allowed him to come back on the condition he would turn back anyone in pursuit of them. Colonel Farrington's blood was up and he would not turn back, but pressed onward to the point where they

\* Accompanied Arnold to Quebec in 1775.

found a piece of birch bark pinned to a tree. The Indians had compelled Segar to write upon it "that if pursued, they would kill all captives." Then it was that Farrington yielded to a majority vote and turned back home.

One child, Molly Susup, was born to her before meeting Sabattis. The father of this child must have been Captain John Susup, who in Revolutionary time led a small party of Indians from Cohos and received a Captain's commission. He died soon after peace was restored and is buried at Lower Cohos.

Molly Susup lived with her mother in Bethel, attending school with the whites and speaking the English language fluently. She was very smart physically being often more than a match for the boys. One story is told of Molly Susup and her antagonist, clinching and both rolling down the river bank together.

Captain Swarson, an old Indian, was very anxious to marry her but Molly Ockett opposed the match.

## CHAPTER II.

### MOLLY OCKETT, THE BENEFACTRESS

Molly Ockett was a great huntress, often going into the woods and killing moose and bears, returning to the settlement for aid in bringing in the game.

In later life, Molly Ockett was something of a doctor, being well skilled in dispensing roots and herbs. She tramped far and wide over this territory, visiting and prescribing for the sick. For this she would never take but one penny. This was very carefully placed in the bag suspended by a string around her neck.

Regarding this, there was an old saying:

"Molly Ockett Has Lost Her Pocket."

The following is from Willey's White Moun-

tain Sketches: "A Colonel Clark of Boston, had been in the habit of visiting annually the White Mountains and trading for furs. He had thus become acquainted with all the settlers and many of the Indians. He was much esteemed for his honesty, and his visits were looked forward to with much interest. Tom Hegan had formed the design of killing him, and contrary to his usual shrewdness, had disclosed his plan to some of his companions. One of them, in a drunken spree, told the secret to Molly Ockett, a squaw who had been converted to Christianity, and was much loved and respected by the whites. She determined to save Clark's life. To do it, she must traverse a wilderness of many miles to his camp. But, nothing daunted, the courageous and faithful woman, setting out early in the evening of the massacre, reached Clark's camp just in season for him to escape. Tom Hegan had already killed two of Clark's companions, and camped a mile or two from him. He made good his escape, with his noble preserver, to the settlement. Colonel Clark's gratitude knew no bounds. In every way he sought to reward the kind squaw for the noble act she had performed. For a long time she resisted all his attempts to repay her, until at last, overcome by his earnest entreaties and the difficulty of sustaining herself in old age, she became an inmate of his family in Boston. For a year she bore with a martyr's endurance, the restraints of civilized life, but at length she could do it no longer. She must die, she said, in the great forest, amid the trees, the companions of her youth. Devoutedly pious, she sighed for the woods, where, under the clear blue sky, she might pray to God as she had when first converted. Clark saw her distress, and built her a wigwam on the falls of the Pennacook, and there supported her."

## CHAPTER III.

## HIDDEN GOLD

James R. Hall, Andover's oldest resident and past 90 years of age, told the writer, that his grandfather, John Abbott was the fourth settler in Andover. He said he had heard his grandfather tell of Molly Ockett coming to his house for potatoes. Grandfather told her to go down cellar and get what she wanted. When she came up he noticed she had taken all small potatoes, asked her why she took all small ones. She replied because they would go farther.

Molly Ockett made frequent blueberrying and hunting trips onto Whitecap. She claimed to have found valuable ore there. She offered for a small amount of money to tell where located, but none seemed to have sufficient confidence to put up any money. Consequently the secret died with her.

She also claimed that at the time of the epidemic of small pox in 1755, when the few remaining Indians fled to Canada, they buried some gold in town of Paris. She said the place was marked by two traps in an elm tree. Little thought was given the matter till about 1860 when a man going across lots, noticed part of a trap chain hanging from the crotch of an elm. The remainder had grown into the tree. Then it was that this old time legend was remembered and the natives started to dig for gold. None was discovered but from that time on, that place has been known as Trap Corner.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CRUSADE AND THE BLESSING

Molly Ockett was a great traveller. Her favorite beat was from Andover to Bethel and on

to Paris Hill. There is a story, the truth of which is verified by all the old residents of Paris and Andover.

Once in mid-winter Molly Ockett started from Andover for Paris Hill. The travelling was hard and when she reached Snow Falls, she was so tired that she sought shelter. In vain she asked for admittance but was refused at every door. Then Molly Ockett pronounced a curse upon that community and its people. It would seem that her malediction in later years came true. In spite of great expenditures of time and money, the spot is abandoned.

Shelter was denied Molly till she reached Paris Hill. There she was offered food and lodging by one of the finest families in the State of Maine notwithstanding there was a very sick baby in the house. Here Molly proved her true worth and usefulness by helping nurse the baby. She bestowed her blessing upon the little one, said it would surely get well and would become a great man.

It is more than probable had it not been for the kindly ministrations of Molly Ockett to this baby, destined to be known and loved from ocean to ocean, to be vice-president of the United States at a time his country needed him most, history never would have recorded the doings and deeds of Hannibal Hamlin.

## CHAPTER V.

### FIRST SETTLERS OF ANDOVER

Captain Ezekiel Merrill was the first settler of Andover. Molly Ockett's acquaintance with the people of Andover began with the advent of this family.

The Merrill family encountered the usual hardships of the pioneer family with the customary fortitude which the early settlers acquired.

It was three years before Mrs. Merrill looked on the face of any other white woman other than her own daughters. The first real calamity which they despaired of overcoming was when the Captain lost his seed potatoes. With the coming of spring, he built a raft and went down the Ellis River. He made the trip safely, procured the potatoes, and started on his return voyage. The river was swollen with the spring rains. A whirlpool at the rapids caught the raft and tossed it about like the merest toy. The Captain escaped but he saw his precious cargo disappear in the angry torrents. The two oldest boys, appaled at the idea of a potatoless winter, set their wits to work, with the result that one morning, they built another raft, and, having learned from their father, the exact location of the accident, they started down the river. The river had by this time subsided. At the rapids, where a little earlier had been a seething flood, the clear waters slipped quietly over the rocks, reflecting the overhanging branches in little pools. The anxious boys, peering over the edge of their raft, saw something which gladdened their hearts more than the handsomest trout that ever swam. For there, against a background of white pebbles, lay the lost potatoes. They cut a long, stout pole, bound a two-tined fork firmly to the end and one by one they drew the precious tubers to the surface. Then with rejoicing in their hearts, born of the knowledge that the threatened famine was averted for a time, at least, they poled their rafts slowly up the stream. And that is the authentic history of the first potato crop of the town of Andover.

Roger Merrill, one of the two boys, who fished the potatoes from the Ellis River, is the same boy who had such a close encounter bear hunting with Metallak. On reaching manhood, he settled in Brunswick, was the proprietor of a hotel, which stood on the site of the Congregational

Church.

The other boy, Moses Merrill, spent his entire life in Andover. Most visitors to the Lakes know his grandson, Captain Barker.

Molly Ockett took offense easily. The old residents of Bethel tell the following story to illustrate this trait.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MOLLY OCKETT'S TRAITS

Molly had been out one day and gathered a pail of blueberries, which she carried to her friend, the wife of Reverend Eliphas Chapman, on Monday morning. Mrs. Chapman upon emptying the pail found them very fresh, and told Molly that she picked them on Sunday. "Certainly," said Molly. "But you did wrong," was the reproof. Molly took offense and left abruptly, and did not make her appearance for several weeks, when one day, she came into the house at dinner time. Mrs. Chapman made arrangements for her at the table but she refused to eat. "Choke me," said she; "I was right in picking the blueberries on Sunday, it was so pleasant, and I was so happy that the Great Spirit had provided them for me." Mrs. Chapman felt condemned for reproving this child of nature.

Molly Ockett often boasted of her noble descent, claiming that her father and grandfather were prominent chiefs of the tribe, passing through all the exciting scenes of warfare between the French and English. Molly remembered Lovewell's fight, which took place in May 1725. It will be remembered at this time, Chief Paugus and Chamberlin fought a duel on the shores of Lovewell's Pond. The great Chief Paugus was killed and the remaining Indians driven off. This was the beginning of the white man gaining the supremacy of the Indian in this

section of Maine.

Ezekiel Merrill was the first settler in Andover. Molly Ockett was present and nursed Mrs. Merrill at the birth of the first child, Susan. Mrs. Merrill and Molly continued to be the only women in Andover for the next three years. Susan Merrill, being Andover's first baby gained for her parents 100 acres of land. Susan married Nathan Adams and lived in Rumford, near the Hanover line on the farm now occupied by Lewis M. Hutchins. One of the children, John Merrill Adams was for forty years editor and proprietor of the Portland Eastern Argus.

As we learn the unwritten history of how every locality derived its name, we are impressed more and more that each is of Indian origin or dates back to some Indian episode.

Such is eminently true of Snow Falls. Captain Snow, one of the early hunters and trappers of that vicinity had a camp at the falls. Snow always boasted "that he never should be taken prisoner by the Indians." One day, when outside his camp, Snow saw three Indians approaching, the head one a chief brandishing his tomahawk. The Captain grabbed his gun and shot the chief. Unfortunately, however, the gun was not a repeater and the other two Indians fell upon Snow and killed him. Old settlers tell us that Snow's body is buried on a knoll by the falls.

A short distance south of the outlet of Umbagog Lake is a large smooth rock, projecting into the water and called Moll's Rock. Her name is also perpetuated by a mountain named after her in Woodstock where she had a camp. Molly Ockett seemed to be a person of more than ordinary ability, possessed a large frame and features, and walked very erect even in old age. She wore a pointed cap, but in other respects dressed in Indian style. Her name, like Metallak's, was spelled and pronounced in several different ways, Mockett, Molly Ockett, Mollyockett, Mollylockett,

Mollyrockett, and Mollynockett.

Of Molly Ockett's early life, little is known. She seems to have been more social and agreeable than Metallak. It is claimed that she was a great talker, quite a hand to tell stories and anecdotes. In that respect she does not portray the characteristics of the Indian.

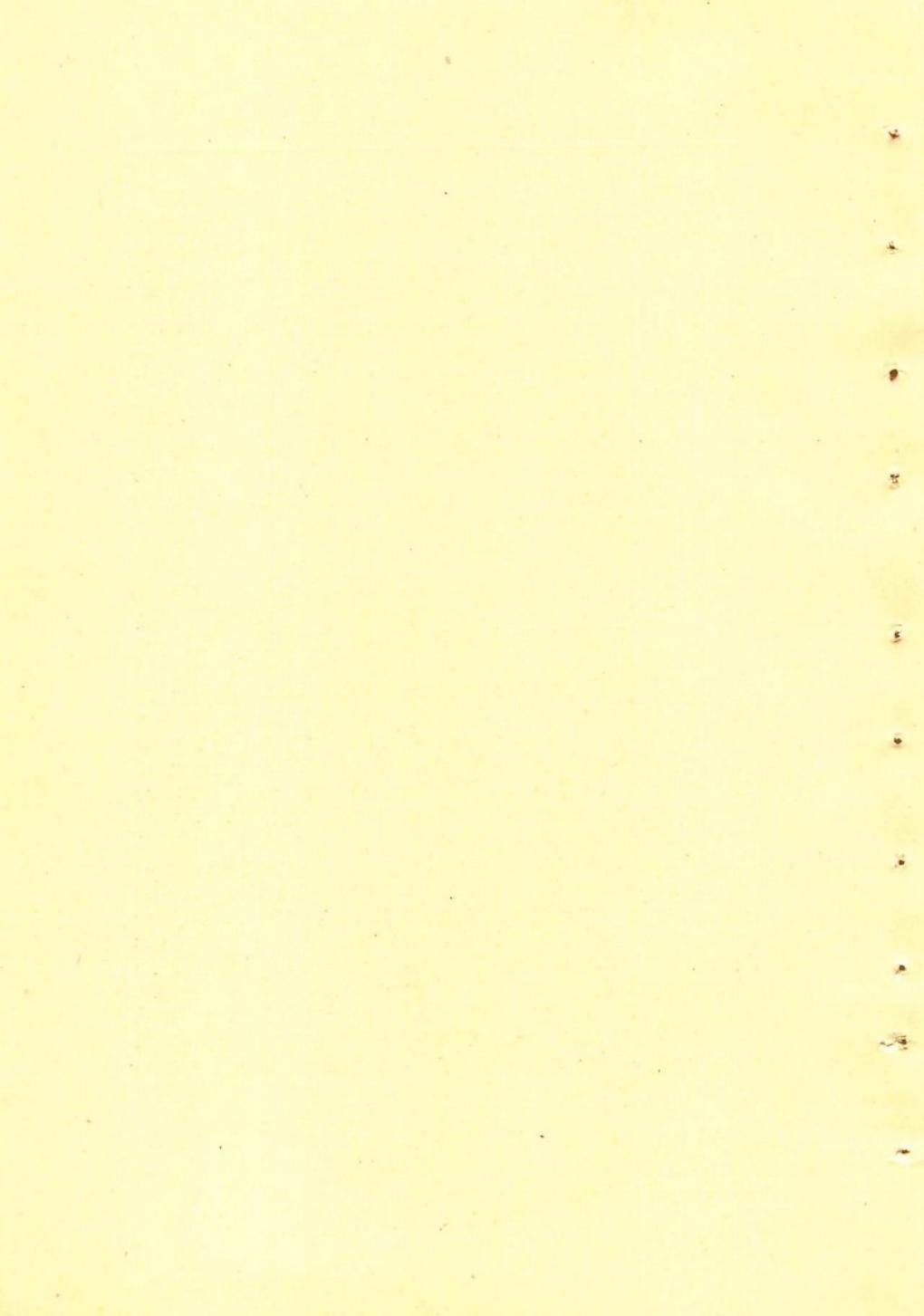
Molly Ockett professed Christianity, sympathizing with the Methodists. She used to call them "dreadful clever folks." She often spoke in their meetings, but could not divest herself of the idea that she ought to make confessions to the priest and occasionally went to Canada for this purpose.

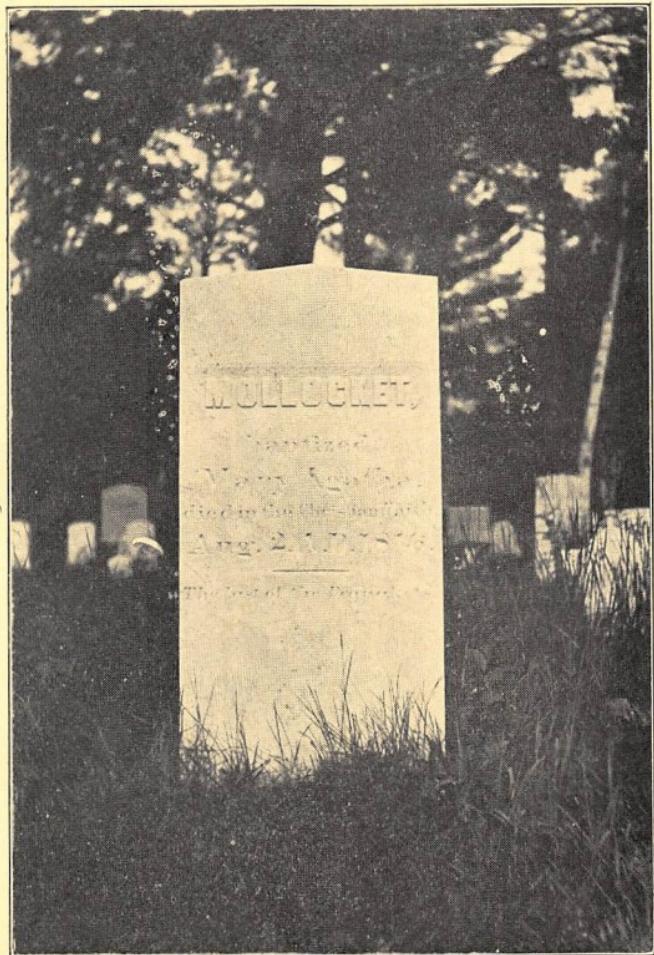
## CHAPTER VII.

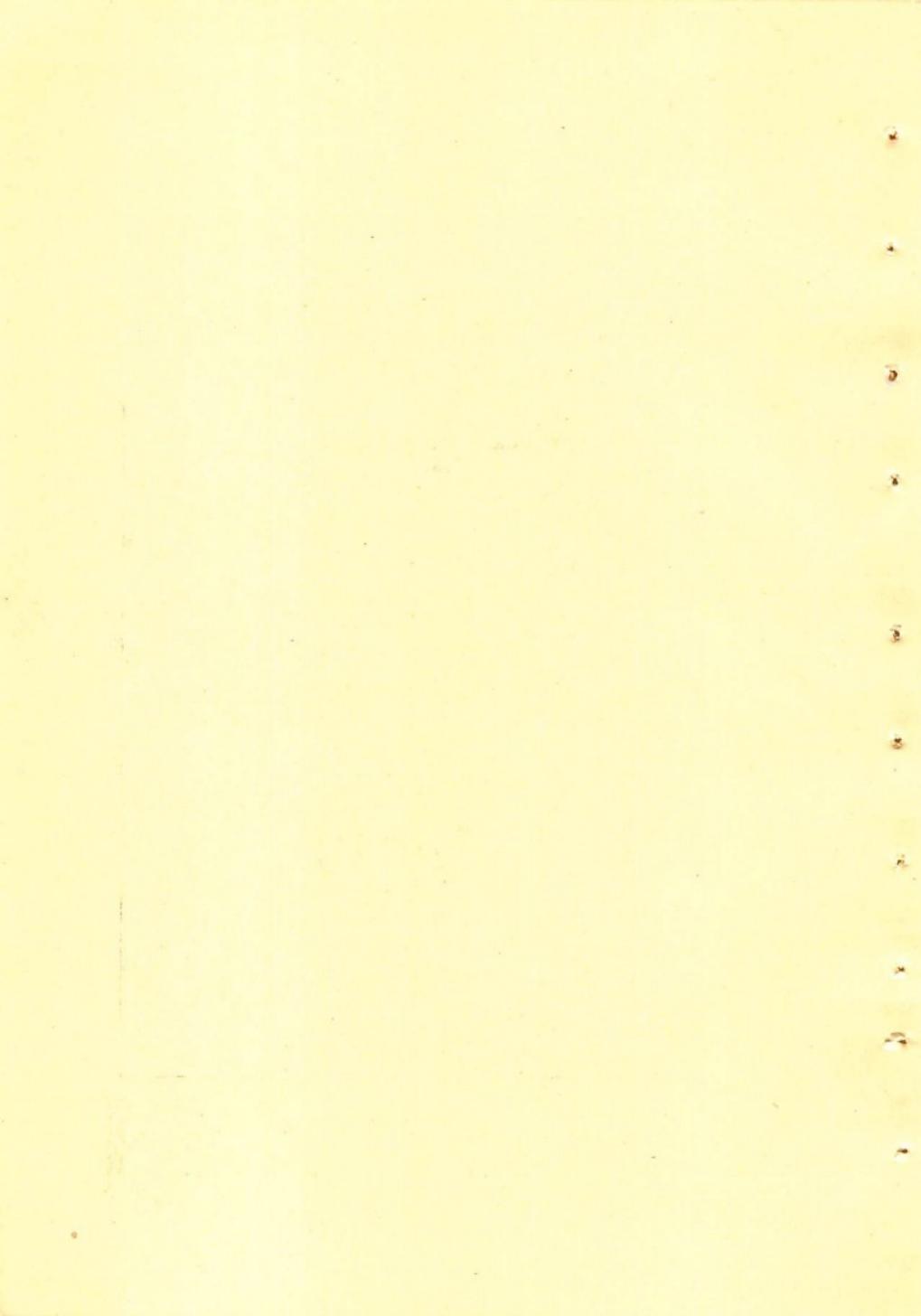
### MOLLY OCKETT'S DEATH

Her last days were spent in Andover, dying at a Mr. Bragg's, at the advanced age of more than 100 years. I understand the place is now occupied by Annie Gregg. Molly's last request was "that she be carried out of doors to die under the stars." Her request was granted. She was carried out on a blanket and there in the great out-doors she loved so well, she breathed her last.

The Reverend John Strictland, pastor of the church in Andover, who baptized her under the name of Mary Agatha, conducted the religious services at her funeral, and she was buried in the cemetery near Andover village. For a great many years after Molly Ockett's burial there was no suitable stone to mark her last resting place. On or about 1860, the Ladies' Aid of the Congregational Church of Andover obtained funds, whereby the present monument was purchased and erected in memory of "Mollockett, Baptized Mary Agatha, Died in the Christian Faith, August 2, 1816." The last of the Pequaketts.







## MOLL LOCKETT'S CURSE

'Tis a curious legend,  
In my youth I heard it told,  
How Moll Lockett cursed the white man  
When he stole the Indian's gold.

'Mid the river's rolling waters  
Was an island green with trees;  
Hemlocks tossed their drooping branches  
With each fitfull passing breeze.

Through their tops the sighing zephyrs  
Sang in soothing, slumberous tones  
As the proud old monarchs nodded  
To the river's dancing foam.

And beneath their spicy branches  
Was the Indian's camping ground.  
And they often came and camped there  
As the seasons rolled around;

Of the tribe of Rokomeko—  
Though Saint Francis called by some,  
From the land beyond the mountains  
These few wild men had come.

Up and down the Androsscoggin  
Lived and roamed for many a day.  
'Till with many a seasons nunting  
These tall braves grew old and grey.

And 'twas whispered 'mongst the settlers  
That the Indians hid their gold  
'Neath the plume like, feathery branches  
Of a stately hemlock old.

And the white men talked about it,  
Wondering at the story told,  
Wishing they could find the treasure  
Called the Indians buried gold.

There was one among the settlers  
Who for this world's goods did long;  
He resolved to have the treasure,  
Be it right or be it wrong.

So when Autumn tinged the forest  
With rich colors bright and gay,  
And the Indians started hunting  
To the "Big Lakes" far away.

One fair night in bright October  
When the hunter's moon ran high,  
O'er the river like an arrow  
Sped a "dug-out" swift and sly.

Disappeared among the shadows  
Of the hemlocks dark and old;  
It's propeller?—the white settler,  
Bound to have the red men's gold.

Was it worth the price—his honor?  
Ah! that never will be known.  
When again the Indians camped there,  
'Twas to find their treasure flown.

But one squaw among their number,  
Lithe and handsome, young and bold,  
Found and knew the iron hatchet  
They had hidden with their gold.

Yet 'twas not upon the island  
That the hatchet she did find,  
But within a white man's dwelling.  
Then Moll Lockett spake her mind.

Straight and slender as a sapling,  
With her flashing eyes so black,  
Stood the radiant Indian maiden  
Pointing out the wild rough track.

That the white man's feet should follow  
In the years that stretched ahead.  
Better for the grasping settler  
Had Moll Lockett struck him dead.

"Never shall the white thief prosper  
The Great Spirit says the same;  
And misfortune shall deal harshly  
With the ones who bear his name.

"Trouble shall be theirs forever,  
Home and lands be swept away;  
When success has almost crowned them,  
Sorrow's dark shall come to stay.

"Sickness dire shall fall upon them,  
They shall die before they're old;  
For the Indian's curse is on them,  
For the white man stole our gold.

And when drought and famine reach you,  
When your troubles seem the worst,  
The Great Spirit will not aid you."  
This was how Moll Lockett cursed.

Years and years have come and vanished  
Since this happened long ago.  
And the tossing, nodding hemlocks  
Ages past were all laid low;

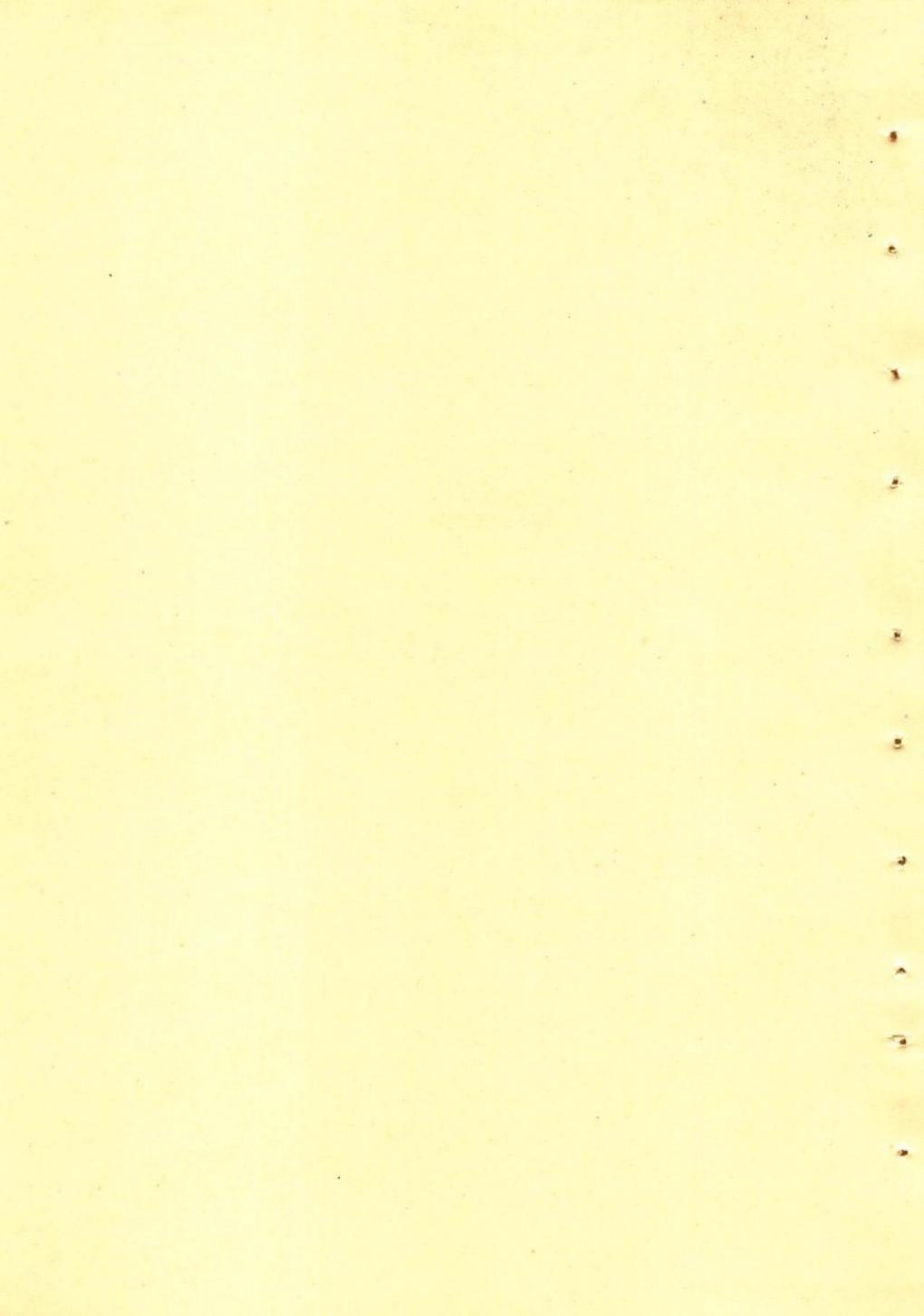
But descendants of that settler  
Whether aged, young or bold,  
Never have been known to prosper  
Since the Indian's curse of old.

And on bright October evenings,  
Ghostly boats the river cross,  
While upon old hemlock island  
Ghostly branches seem to toss.

And beneath the stately hemlock  
In the shadows you'll behold  
Molly Lockett's ghostly figure,  
Keeping watch o'er buried gold.

Addie Kendall Mason,  
Bethel News, Sept. 4, 1895.

Story  
of  
The Life  
of  
Lieut. Segar



# *The Life of Lieut. Segar*

## HIS CAPTIVITY BY THE INDIANS

The above is the title of a very old and rare pamphlet of 32 pages, now owned by Mrs. Lewellyn Elliot, North Rumford, Maine. This lady is the only living descendant, great granddaughter of Lieut. Segar. This pamphlet was dictated by Segar and written, it is said, by Rev. Daniel Gould, Bethel's first minister, owner of the first chaise in town and founder of Gould's Academy. This pamphlet, supposed to be printed in Paris in 1827, is now yellowed with age, much of it illegible, minus the title pages and where folded is broken completely in two.

This aged document is now before me and I will make an abstract of its contents.

### CHAPTER I.

#### EARLY LIFE

"I, Nathaniel Segar, was born at Newton in the County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I resided here until the year 1774. Spring of this year, I went to a place called Sudbury, Canada, now Bethel."

This pamphlet was given in the first person, but I will continue the narrative in the third person.

After the battle of Concord and Lexington, Segar enlisted in the Continental Army. After a year's service, he was mustered out because of sickness. He was given neither money nor provisions. Therefore, he was obliged to walk from Morristown, New Jersey to his home in Boston, begging and pawning part of his clothes for food

on the trip. When the enemy came to Bennington, Vermont, Segar re-enlisted and went there. He aided in the capture of more than 200 Hessians and a large amount of provisions and munitions of war. He was also at Saratoga with Gates, when Burgoyne was taken prisoner. Lieut. Segar served in the Continental Army two years and nine months.

In the spring of 1779, Jonathan Bartlett and Segar came to Bethel, bringing kettles and made sugar. The Indians were very numerous but seemed friendly. Segar sold them corn and sugar in exchange for furs and tallow. Segar remained there throughout the winters of '80 and '81, being obliged to grind his own corn by hand.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ATTACK ON BETHEL

The attack of the Indians upon the western settlement in Sudbury, Canada was sudden and unexpected as lightning from a cloudless sky. It was during the war of the Revolution, but the people in this plantation were so far removed from scenes of hostility that they had taken no thought for their safety, considering it well assured. There were living at this time, in Sudbury, some ten families, five in the upper part and five in the lower part. Nathaniel Segar lived in what is now Hanover, and cleared up what is now the Sunflower Farm. Had he been at home when the raid occurred, he would have escaped all difficulty, for the lower settlement was not molested. Segar was at the upper settlement either for business or pleasure, when the attack was made and so suffered in common with the others.

On the third day of August, 1781, there came into the upper settlement of Sudbury, Canada,

six Indians from Canada. One of them named Tom Hegan was well known to Segar, often having been to his house. Segar, Jonathan Clark and Eleazer Twitchell, were standing a little distance from the woods, when five Indians, hideously painted and armed with guns, tomahawks and scalping knives rushed out upon them, informed them they were prisoners and must go to Canada. Jonathan Clark's house on the Burbank farm was near by, and there the Indians escorted their prisoners. After binding their captives, they told them to sit down and keep quiet or they would kill them. They then commenced plundering the house, and finding several gallons of rum in the cellar, they filled some bottles and took them away with them. They also found and took sixteen dollars in hard money, some clothing and many other things. Unseen by the Indians, Mrs. Clark hid her husband's watch in the ashes, and thus saved it. They then attempted to take Mrs. Clark's gold beads from her neck, but in so doing the string broke and the beads scattered over the floor. They didn't stop to hunt for them and after they had left, most of them were found. The Indians also attempted to take the silver buckles from her shoes, but she berated them so they did not take them. She resisted them so and talked to them in such a scolding manner, that the prisoners feared they would murder her, but her boldness and fearlessness, doubtless, operated in her favor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### JOURNEY TO CANADA

While these things were going on in the house of Jonathan Clark, an Indian came out of the woods with Benjamin Clark, whom he had just taken. In the meantime. Captain Eleazer Twitchell, by watching his opportunity had

absconded and had so affectively secreted himself in the woods that they could not find him. He remained all night in the woods and in the morning returned to his home. Mrs. Clark, who had also escaped into the woods, and spent the night by the side of a log, very near the hiding place of Capt. Twitchell, both being entirely unconscious that they had spent the night so near together until they bestirred themselves in the morning. After the Indians had packed up their plunder and with their prisoners were about to leave the house, they told Mrs. Clark to remain at home and she would be safe, but if she went away she would be killed, saying there were hundreds of Indians in the woods. She did not believe them, and leaving the house as soon as they were out of sight, she concealed herself in the forest and saw no more of the Indians. Having accomplished their purpose here and having unbound the legs of their prisoners and loaded them with their plunder, they started on the long and tedious journey through the wilderness. The arms of the prisoners remained bound, and with heavy hearts as well as packs, they were driven onward before their cruel captors. They travelled about two miles and then encamped for the night, and a dismal night it was for the prisoners. In the morning at daylight, they resumed their march, and came to Peter Austin's camp, where he had made a clearing. But at this time he was, fortunately for himself, absent. The Indians entered the hut and searched for plunder, but found little.

They found two guns, one of which they broke and the other took away, and a quantity of maple sugar. They spent the second night near this place. Before light, the Indians tried to find their packs, wishing to resume their journey, but could not find them until daybreak. One of them missed his tomahawk and accused Segar of taking it; he would have given him a heavy and

perhaps a fatal blow had not another Indian prevented him. When it became light enough to see, the Indian found his weapon where he had placed it himself. As soon as it was light, they started up the river and came to Peabodys patent, now the town of Gilead. They went to a house owned and occupied by Mr. James Pettingill, who on their arrival was near the house and walking toward it. On seeing the Indians at his house he stopped, but they had observed him and ordered him to approach. They then searched the house and finding some sugar and a tub of cream, they mixed it together and made a meal of it. They told Pettingill that he must go with them to Canada to which he demurred and said he had no shoes. They then told him he might stay if he would remain in the house, and passed on. Mrs. Pettingill and her children were in the house, but received no abuse from them. After the Indians had passed the house a short distance, they sent two of their members back who soon returned accompanied by Mr. Pettingill. They soon after murdered him by shooting him within half a mile of his home and family, without any apparent provocation. Several days after, Joseph G. Swan and several others from Bethel, visited the place and interred the remains.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CLARK'S RETURN

They then passed on to Shelburne, New Hampshire, and at a brook they found several children at play who were much terrified at the sight of the Indians. There was a house near by, and one of the Indians asked the children how many there were in that house, to which they

answered there were ten, and that they had guns. This was a random answer and far from the facts, but the Indians were so terrified that they lightened themselves of their packs and placed them upon their captives in addition to those they already had, and immediately crossed to the other side of the Androscoggin by fording it. They crossed with great difficulty, especially the prisoners, heavily loaded as they were, but they reached the opposite side in safety. They then resumed their march and came to a small house occupied by Mr. Hope Austin. The family was at home but Austin fortunately was absent. The Indians plundered the house, taking a little money and some light articles and passed on. They told Mrs. Austin to remain in the house and she would not be hurt. After marching a short distance, they halted in the woods and Tom Hegan, taking his gun, went away by himself. Soon the report of a gun was heard and Tom Hegan returned accompanied by a negro named Plato. They learned from Plato that Tom Hegan had shot and killed a man named Peter Poor, who was on his way to his work after his mid-day meal. Having an addition to their party, the Indians informed Segar and the Clarks that one of them might return to the settlement in Sudbury, Canada. It was decided that Lieut. Jonathan Clark, (the first man to cut hay in Bethel) who had a family, might return, but the Indians charged him to keep the road. Clark joyfully turned back but did not obey the injunction to follow the road by which they had come, and had he done so he would doubtless have been shot, two of the Indians having tarried behind, doubtless for the very purpose. Clark crossed the river, then turned into the woods and in the course of two or three days, reached his home in safety.

They next came to a place where Capt. Ridge had begun a clearing and stopping with his

family. On seeing the Indians approach in their war paint, the family was much alarmed, but Ridge tried to gain their favor by telling them he was on the side of the King. This did not prevent them from robbing his house, securing plunder of great value. The Indians went out and scalped Mr. Poor. Hope Austin was at the house, but seeing the Indians approach he fled to the woods and escaped injury. A boy by the name of Elijah Ingalls was stopping at the house of Mr. Ridge, and the Indians proposed to take him along but being prevailed upon by Ridge, they allowed him to remain.

Sometime during this raid they passed through the town of Newry and called at Capt. Ben Barker's. Two girls, Mary Russell and Betsy Mason, were visiting there. The Indians not being content with robbing the house plundered the girls of all they possessed.

The settlements had now been passed, and the Indians set out for Canada direct. After traveling two days, they stripped a piece of birch bark and untieing Segar's hands, directed him to write upon it that if the party should be pursued by Americans, they (the Indians) would certainly kill their prisoners. After pursuing their journey for two or three days, and no longer fearing pursuit, the Indians stopped to rest and celebrate their successful raid. Here, they spent no little time (Segar says) in taking off their lousy shirts, snapping at the vermin with their teeth as a dog snaps fleas. The Indians had three scalps for which they were to receive \$8.00 each when they reached Canada. While stopping, the Indians took the scalps and holding them by the hair in their teeth, shook their heads, whooped, jumping and skipping from rock to rock, and conducting themselves in such an insane and awful manner as to frighten their captives almost out of their senses.

## V.

## HUNGER AND HARDSHIP

Finally, the fifth day after the capture, the party reached the shores of Umbagog Lake, where the savages had left their three canoes on their way down to the settlement. Embarking, they crossed the lake in safety, and now considered themselves absolutely safe from pursuit, they proceeded more leisurely. Here the Indians divided their plunder, and gave the prisoners a little flour and some scraps of moose meat dried with the hair on. This was the last food they had for several days, except a little maple sugar left from the plunder of the settlers. The Indians had a moose calf skin which they burned the hair off from and roasted and ate. The prisoners were now unbound and remained so by day during the remainder of the journey. But their legs and arms were pinioned with thongs by night. Segar called it a bridle.

Passing up the Magalloway River, the Indians shot a moose on which they made a feast, but their prisoners could not partake of the half cooked flesh without salt or bread. The Indians cut a part of what was left and put it into the packs of the prisoners, and of the skins, they made themselves moccasins.

They again set out, and as their way was through thick woods, over mountains and dismal swamps, the journey became tedious and the prisoners footsore and weary. They also suffered much for lack of food. It would seem that game could not have been as plentiful as now because there is no record of them killing any game of any kind. The new moccasins of the Indians being worn through on the bottoms, they took them off and threw them away. \*During Arnold's march to Quebec the half famished soldiers (prisoners)

\*—Redpath's History of U. S. Page 304.

ate every dog they could get hold of, gnawed the roots of trees, and then ate their moose skin moccasins, notwithstanding the fact that the stench from them was terrible the prisoners picked them up, roasted and devoured them.

After many days of suffering, the divide of the watershed was reached, and they came to the source of the river Saint Francis. At first it was only a tiny stream, but as they passed down, the volume of water increased, and arriving at the main branch, they found more canoes, and a little store of corn which they boiled and ate with great relish. Remaining here over night, in the morning they entered their canoes and commenced the descent of the rapid river. On the way, they speared fish and cooked them which, with boiled corn, made a very decent diet, compared with what they had been having. There were many rapids and consequently carrying places, so that their progress was somewhat slow. They came to a little farm house on the bank where cows were kept. They milked the cows. Segar does not say whether the Indians could milk or whether they forced the captives. So they had a delicious meal of boiled corn and milk.

At length after fourteen days from the time of their capture, the party approached the Indian village, the home of the captors. Right here is the first record we have of Metallak. Segar claimed that Metallak was there with the other Indians.\*

\*Rumford Town History

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TORTURE OF PRISONERS

The prisoners began to fear and tremble, not knowing the things that might befall them there. It was dark as they approached, but

whoop responded to whoop, and with their torches, the Indians made their village as light as day. The warriors at this point numbered seventy. There was great rejoicing over the prisoners, scalps and plunder. Segar claimed in his pamphlet that the Indians had much more plunder than he realized they had taken. The prisoners were surrounded and pulled about, made to run the gauntlet and other tortures inflicted upon them. A terrific howling was kept up that was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The Indians had a great frolic over Plato, the negro, throwing fire brands at him and otherwise abusing him. This was too much for Plato and he cried like a baby. But the prisoners were soon rescued by parties in authority, and conveyed to the guardhouse where they were safe. For some reason, the Indians took a great fancy to Clark. They cut his hair, painted him and dressed him in Indian costume and then requested him to become their chief. The captives remained here two days, and then were taken to Montreal and delivered to the English authorities. There were 180 other prisoners on the passage up the St. Lawrence. They were guarded by ten Indians. On this trip, Clark being a Chief, fared sumptuously but Segar was not even allowed to wear shoes. When Segar left the boat, he called for his shoes and was told that the Indians had sold the shoes and used the money to buy pipes. They said, "The King will furnish you with shoes." When the Indians found that the British were not to let them keep Clark, they stripped him of all his finery, leaving only a short frock. For some reason, the British would not take the negro, Plato. He was returned to the Indians, who sold him to a Frenchman. The prisoners were then taken to an island in the St. Lawrence River where they were dumped into a filthy prison. Here their suffering was nearly as intense as on the march.

They remained prisoners there until the following year, when, after the surrender of Cornwallis, there was an exchange of prisoners. The prisoners were taken down to Quebec and after long and vexatious delays, on the tenth of November, 1782, they embarked on board a ship, and after a pleasant passage, reached Boston, having been in captivity sixteenth months. Segar and Clark immediately proceeded to their old home in Newton where they were received by their relatives and friends almost as persons risen from the dead. Not one word had they heard from them since their capture, and they had abandoned all hope of ever seeing them again. They remained at Newton, resting and recuperating, for several months, and then returned to their adopted homes in Sudbury, Canada.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SEGAR'S AFTER-LIFE

All's well that ends well. It will be remembered that the Indians raided and plundered the house of Captain Barker in Newry where Mary Russell and Betsy Mason were visiting. One of the first things Segar and Clark did upon returning to Sudbury was to look up these two girls. Segar afterwards married Mary Russell and raised up a family of thirteen children. Clark married Betsy Mason and raised a family of eight children. Edmund Segar was the only child of Nathaniel Segar to remain in Bethel. Eleazer Twitchell (one of the men captured with Segar by the Indians, but who had the cleverness and good luck to evade his captors and escape into the woods) was one of the early settlers in Bethel. He came here with his father and built mills, owning the land where the village of Bethel Hill now is, and gave to the town the common.

Although Segar claimed to have received injuries during his captivity by the Indians, that bothered him all his life, he lived to a very ripe old age, dying on the farm now known as the Sunflower Farm. Segar died Sept. 10, 1847, at the age of 93 years.

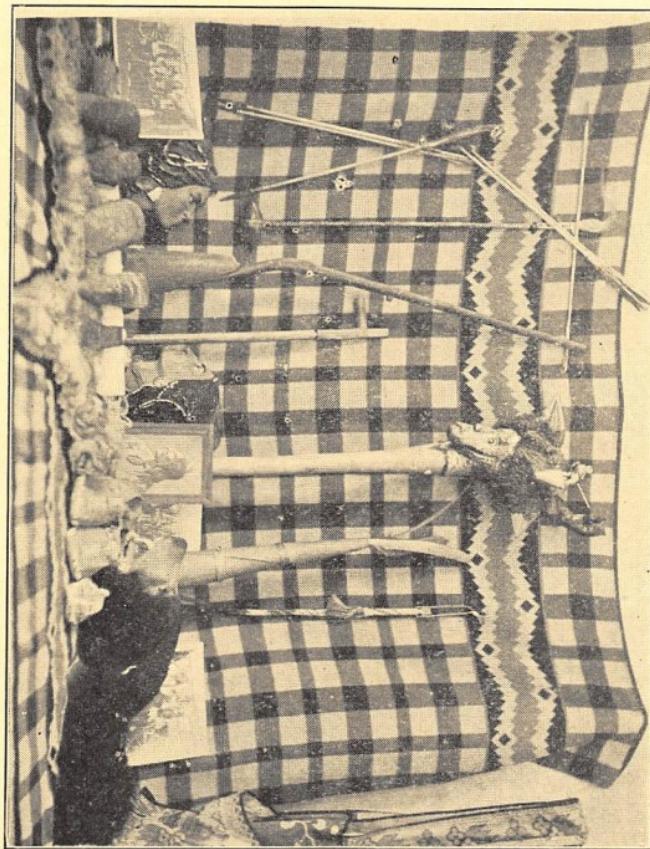
In later years, it filled Segar with extreme remorse, to think that he received no remuneration or reward from his country for his services. To quote him verbatim:

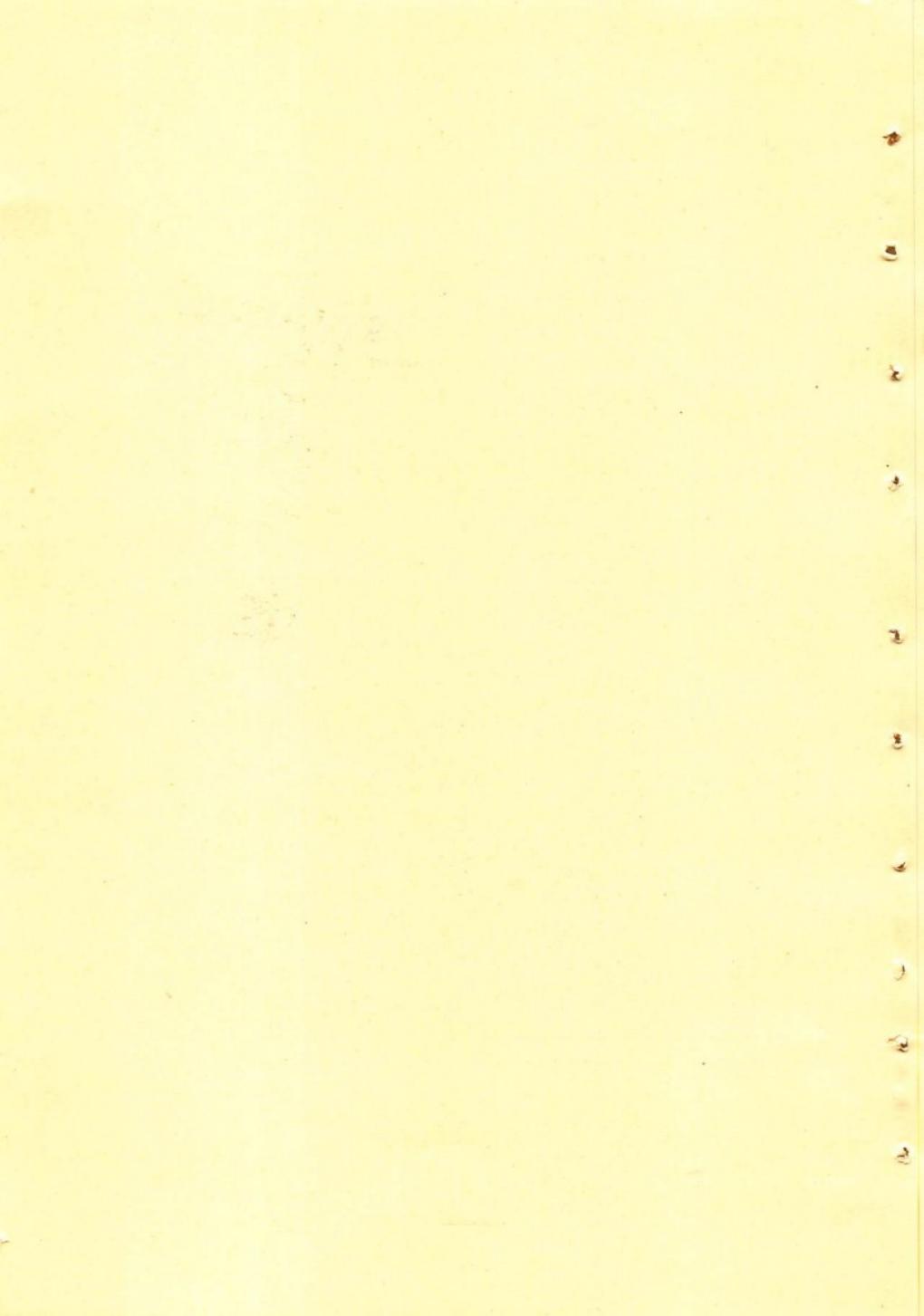
"I always thought, and still think, that I, in justice ought to have received some compensation from my country; but I have received nothing, it still adds to my calamity, and which has been sensibly felt through life."

One of the best and largest collections of Indian relics and curios, ever assembled, is owned by Mr. T. H. Burgess of Rumford Centre, Maine. Mr. Burgess is past seventy years of age and has devoted a large portion of his entire life to his collection. Since a boy, he has always been passionately fond of Indian lore. When a youngster, by dint of much practice, he became able to shoot an arrow with the accuracy of his red brothers. He could throw a tomahawk with deadly precision. He was also an adept at throwing the lasso.

He imitated the Indians to such an extent that his father nicknamed him "Paugus" a name which clung to him till long past maturity. Quite a portion of his collection was found right here in Androscoggin Valley although he has relics from all over the United States. His accumulation of stone axes with a "keen cutter" edge I believe, cannot be duplicated in the United States. These axes, weighing from four pounds down, show the marvelous ingenuity and dexterity possessed by the aborigines. These axes being so uniform in shape, would almost give one the impression that they were run in a mould. Notice the wonderful workmanship of the Indian war

INDIAN RELICS OWNED BY T. H. BURGESS





club shown in the accompanying illustration. But the war club (standing up-right in illustration) is made by an Oldtwon Indian from the trunk of a gray birch. The face with the protruding tongue, and above the Indian spearing the bear is a wondrous article, that beggars description. To think of such a work of art being made with a jackknife is beyond our comprehension.

There are also knives, tomahawks, gouges, discs, hatchets, lances and spears and more than fifty arrow-heads. He has a dozen Indian arrows picked up on the battlefield of "Wounded Knee." Until seeing these arrows, the writer had always doubted an Indian shooting an arrow entirely through a buffalo's body. Now that doubt is wholly dispelled. A peace pipe made from the redstone of Dakota and smoked at peace councils, is the one pipe in a million.

There are stone bullet moulds, in which the Indians run their bullets. Mr. Burgess also has bullets picked up from where Arnold's boat capsized enroute to Canada.

He has rare photographs of Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Rain in the Face, etc. He also has a copy of the only photo taken of Jesse James. This picture was taken after Jesse was shot. His belt and revolvers are absent. It will be remembered that Jesse James had removed these and was hanging pictures upon the wall when Bob Ford crept up and shot him. This description could go on indefinitely without giving an adequate idea of this marvelous aggregation.

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Story  
of  
The Killing  
of the  
Last Big Moose  
in Oxford County

## *The Killing of the Last Big Moose in Oxford County*

In the fall of 1897, Will Twombly and Charles Marden were engaged in digging gum in the vicinity of Houghton. At that time, digging gum in the virgin forests of Maine, was a lucrative business. It was because of the thousands of pounds of gum found in the lake regions, that gave to the little hamlet, a few miles below Houghton, the name of Gum Corner. This lump gum found a ready market at one dollar per pound.

At the time of our story, the thirteenth of November, 1897, there was about eight inches of snow upon the ground. Twombly and Marden paid no attention to the numerous tracks outlined in the snow until they came upon a mammoth moose track. They hurried to the settlement and told the news to Addison Young, an old veteran in hunting game. Because of his advancing years, he was unable to take up the chase. Two young nimrods, Ernest Knapp and Cliff Young, were present and arming themselves with 32-40 rifles (rather small and inadequate for such large game) and provisions for a week's stay, started into the woods after the monarch of the north woods.

Their first night was spent in camp with the gum diggers. Knapp says that it was a night he would never forget as it was the coldest he ever experienced. Their bed consisted of some hay on the camp floor and a meager supply of blankets. At daybreak, they were wished the best of luck by the gum diggers and started out. They had no difficulty in locating the track on the west branch of Swift River. At that time the woods were full of deer tracks but the hunters

had no trouble in following the monstrous moose track. The old fellow seemed to be traveling a northerly course towards Bemis Stream. There had come just a little flurry of snow but the track was easily discernible. They had not followed this track long before they came upon one seemingly fresh. After a consultation, they decided to drop the old track and follow the new one. The new track was going in the opposite direction.

The hunters had not followed this fresh track far when Knapp who was a few feet in the lead, saw a fisher cross the track several rods ahead. He at once raised his gun to his shoulder and slightly pulled the trigger when something told him not to fire. Although the temptation was great (a fisher's skin at that time was worth at least \$25) he did not fire. Young had a mutual feeling and rather than take a chance at scaring the moose, they allowed the fisher to escape unmolested. They resumed the chase for a short time, then Knapp thought he saw something black that he called a bear. Upon changing his position a trifle, he saw the antlers of the moose. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he fired, aiming a little in front of his fore shoulders. From the beast's actions, it was evident, he had been hit. He reared up on his hind legs similar to a horse and turning partly around, started up over a little rise of ground. The hunters gave chase. Young threw off his pack but Knapp forgot to do so. After getting on top of the rise, they saw the moose in the distance, standing motionless with his nose to the ground. Each fired and this time the moose seemed to sense from where the danger came and at once charged upon them.

Knapp said, "The moose's mane upon his neck stood up straight and he was the most ferocious looking beast I ever saw."

They realized that it was a case of their get-

ting him or he would surely get them so they opened fire. On he came, notwithstanding the fact that blood was flowing profusely from both nostrils. The young hunters kept up their fire, but not until the moose had come within thirty feet of them, did he fall to the ground dead. They had fired in all ten shots, seven of them taking effect, one of them severing the jugular vein in the moose's neck. After it was all over with and they had a chance to look at each other, they allowed that they were two pretty pale specimens of humanity.

Now the moose was dead and the next job was to eviscerate him, which would make him so much lighter to haul out of the woods. This task was made doubly hard because of the position in which the moose fell. The animal dropped in such a way that the boys could not turn him over and were obliged to work uphill. The task completed, Young guarded the moose while Knapp spotted a trail to the settlement. The old fellow had done the boys one good turn for the last few miles of the chase had been toward the settlement. The nearest house was John Houghton's place, where Knapp proceeded to hurry for help. Mrs. Houghton was washing dishes when he arrived. She knew the boys had gone moose hunting so thought she would jolly Knapp a bit by saying that she would like some moose meat.

Knapp replied, "I guess I can accommodate you."

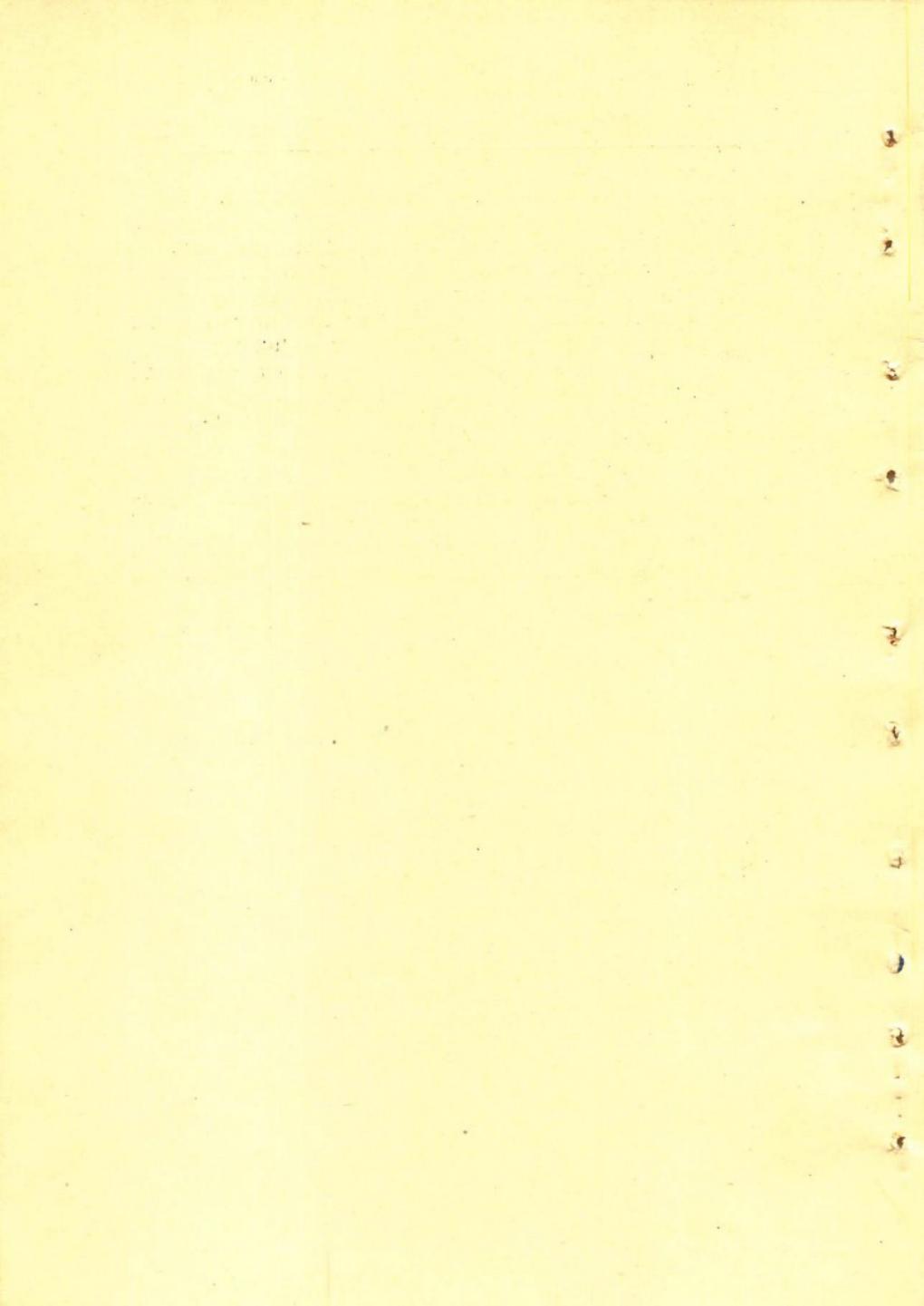
To convince Mrs. Houghton, Knapp showed her his hands saying that he could show her some moose blood at any rate. She then became thoroughly convinced that the boys had really killed a moose. She called her son, Free-land, to help the boys get the moose from the woods. He took a large horse and they set out. It was an extremely heavy load and at times they doubted if the horse could drag its load to the

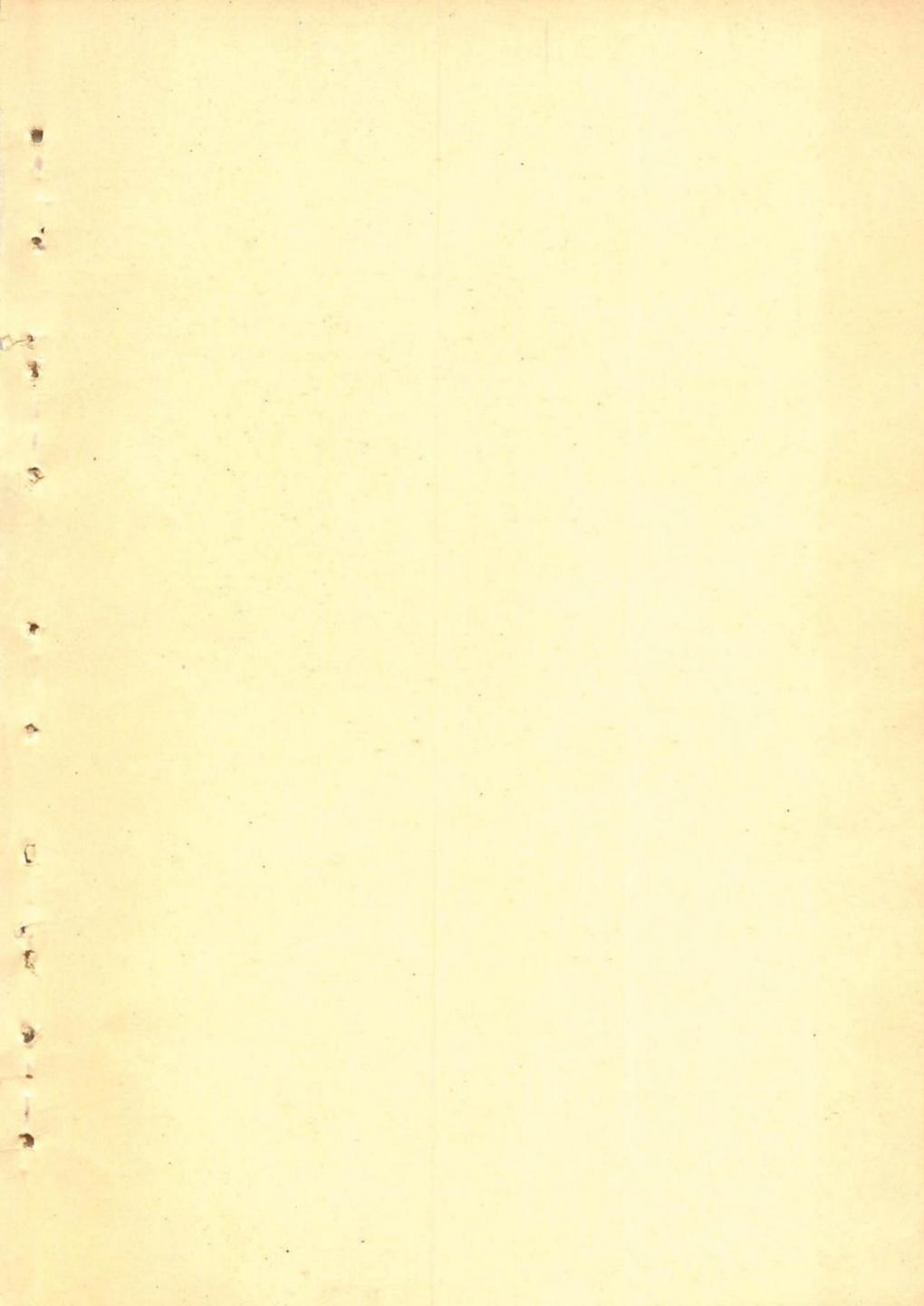
settlement. The horns bothered greatly. They afterwards learned that a four-foot rule would just drop between the spread of the antlers.

Reaching the settlement, they finished dressing the moose and found it to weigh 720 pounds. Knapp still affirms to this day that the moose's steak was the finest meat he ever tasted.

Knapp bought Young's interest in the head for \$10. Knapp then took the head to Ike Shaw, a taxidermist of Buckfield, who charged him \$20 for mounting it. Knapp later sold it to Mr. Stowell of Dixfield for \$75. The last we know, it had been given to a party in Massachusetts.

Thus ends, so far as the writer knows, the true story of the last big moose hunt in Oxford County.





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